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**POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.**

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Next week the SATURDAY REVIEW will contain an article by Sir John Sandys (Public Orator in the University of Cambridge) on Roger Bacon, the seventh centenary of whose birth is to be celebrated on June 10th.

The same issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW will contain a poem by Mr. H. Fielding-Hall, "The Blossom's on the Gorse"; also the third article in the series "Shakespeare Himself," the subject of which will be Shakespeare and Kingship.

**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

Beyond question the Speaker erred last week when he tackled Mr. Bonar Law so unexpectedly over the uproar in the Commons. To err is human, but to confess one's error can sometimes be almost divine; and, though we need not claim divinity for Mr. Speaker, he did act in a lofty and large minded way when, on Monday, he withdrew the offending question—namely, whether the scene was taking place with the approval of the Leader of the Opposition. "On reflection," said Mr. Lowther, "I think I ought to state frankly to the House that I was betrayed into an expression I ought not to have used on that occasion." Mr. Lowther went on to explain that in putting the question to Mr. Bonar Law he did not mean to impute that he was responsible for the demonstration. Nothing indeed could have been franker, more thorough, and—we are sure—more heartfelt than the Speaker's withdrawal of the expression that Unionists had a right to resent somewhat.

Mr. Bonar Law—clearly with pleasure and relief—at once met the Speaker in a spirit not less generous. No Leader of the House of Commons and no Prime Minister could improve on his reply: it was grateful, it was sincere, it was touched by obvious emotion. "Such a statement as you have made, Mr. Speaker, would only be made, if I may respectfully say so, by one who was conscious of his strength." That is absolutely true and expressed with felicity. Mean and weak people either do not apologise and withdraw offensive words, or, if they do apologise, they generally display a grudging or fearful spirit in the act. Strong

men can afford to make honourable and outright amends; and by strong men we mean men strong not so much in position as in mind and character. The Speaker of the House of Commons is strong in both senses, and his action on Monday has but emphasised this fact.

There the matter may well close. But it is well to say a word about the attitude of too many of the Liberals and of their papers. When the incident happened, and after the incident—until, indeed, the Speaker put things right on Monday—they, in their rancour, pelted Mr. Bonar Law with abuse, and grasped at the Speaker's expression as a whip to scourge him with. Thus they showed themselves not only vindictive and unjust, but ignorant of House of Commons custom and precedent to boot. The Speaker, by his very explanation and withdrawal, humiliated every supporter of the Government who, for base ends, had taken sides with him. The Liberals are entirely overdoing this dead set against Mr. Bonar Law. They are "pressing", to use a golf word. Years ago they tried to ridicule the leadership of Mr. Balfour in the same way and spirit: just as they incessantly try to-day to represent Mr. Bonar Law as a feeble leader, a leader *pour rire*, completely overshadowed by Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Carson, so, years ago, they tried to ridicule Mr. Balfour as one completely overshadowed by Mr. Chamberlain. Their cue just now is to laugh Mr. Bonar Law away. Laughed-at men—when the laughter is clearly forced and carefully concocted beforehand—can, like threatened men, live long.

"Let the curtain ring down, Mr. Speaker. . . . It is a farce, and I think a contemptible farce. . . . It is the end of an act; it is not the end of the play. . . . The final act in this drama will be played, not in the House of Commons, but in the country; and there, Sir, it will not be a farce." These were the phrases with which Mr. Bonar Law, on Monday, called for an immediate division. Further discussion of the Home Rule Bill was waste of time. Even before it became law it was to be amended out of all likeness to itself.

It was not intended by the Government that pushed it through ever to be effective. The House of Commons, driven by the Government whips, has passed a formal verdict upon the Irish policy of Mr. Asquith without knowing what that policy really is.

Mr. Asquith's plan, so far as he will reveal it, is to wait for a chance of agreement between the parties; and, if agreement is reached, to put this agreement into his amending Bill. Here, tacitly, Mr. Asquith confesses to the House that the amending Bill does not yet exist. The Government themselves do not know what precisely it is to which they have compelled the House of Commons to assent. They do not yet know what the Home Rule Bill will be like in its final and effective form. Nevertheless they have passed the Bill! There is only one gleam of light thrown by Mr. Asquith upon his future intentions. If no agreement is reached before the amending Bill has to be drafted, he tells us that the amending Bill will contain his offer of the 8th of March—the exclusion of Ulster by counties with a time-limit of six years. This, of course, carries us no further. Mr. Asquith's offer of the 8th of March has already been rejected. It will merely be revived in order to be amended. Mr. Asquith again postpones the crisis by a stage. When we have the amending Bill it will be our turn to ask: What are the amendments to the amending Bill?

Mr. O'Brien put the position with brutal truth when he told the House on Monday that "if this Bill ever became an Act, it would be born with a rope round its neck". Mr. O'Brien made the only speech on Monday seriously intended as a third reading speech, and this speech was not about the Bill before the House. It was about a Bill the House has not yet seen. This is a measure of the futility of Monday's proceedings. For Mr. O'Brien the farce was a "ghastly" farce. It puffed up the Irish with a sense of victory at the very moment when they were undone and betrayed. "They would have the cup of liberty presented to their lips, but only on the condition that they must never touch it."

Mr. Redmond has played his part in the farce with magnificent conviction. He has waved his parchment in the face of Ireland with a cry of absolute victory won and assured. The Union, he says, is dead. The third reading of the Home Rule Bill virtually makes of it an Act that can never essentially be repealed. Neither King, Lords, Commons, nor People can undo the work of Monday. Mr. Redmond's exultation is calculated politics. He must make the most of his one great moment. He must express himself as satisfied in order to keep his people together. He must be all heart and courage, and show nothing of the deep anxiety he feels. Mr. Redmond knows that Monday's demonstration means nothing at all. "It is the end of an act; it is not the end of the play."

Ulster has remained calm and quiet, for Ulster realises how little the proceedings on Monday will count in the end. Mr. Asquith is putting an intolerable strain upon Ulster. Parliament has separated for a holiday. When Parliament meets again it will be some time before the House of Commons will deal with the amending Bill. During all these weeks Ulster must assume that the Home Rule Bill, as it was read on Monday, is the final verdict of Parliament, for it will on paper remain the final verdict of Parliament till the new Bill is actually being read. This is a position which Mr. Asquith, as a statesman, would not for a moment endure, if he were free of the necessity to play with Mr. Redmond. But Mr. Redmond requires his paper victory, and Mr. Redmond must be satisfied.

Sir Edward Carson, at Mountain Ash on Thursday, made it quite clear that the peace in Ulster has so far continued only owing to the discipline of the Ulster Volunteers. It is the "rebels" and the "revolutionaries" who are keeping order in Belfast. Not

only do the Volunteers refuse to be provoked into acting prematurely, they refuse to allow any irregular outbreak. Their task is difficult, with a "military governor" riding about the province and Mr. Redmond proclaiming that the Home Rule Bill is already an Act of Parliament. Sir Edward Carson was wise to meet Mr. Redmond very clearly on this point on Thursday. Mr. Redmond's impudent assumption that nothing now can keep the Bill from the Statute Book is not really in need of confutation. But Mr. Redmond's words are a red flag in Ulster. For that reason they cannot be ignored.

Mr. Masterman's defeat at Ipswich is the most serious blow the Government have had at a by-election. Ipswich went Radical in 1906, and remained true to the new allegiance at both elections of 1910; there were over a thousand new voters on the register, and new voters are always assumed by party agents to be mainly Radical voters. Altogether Mr. Masterman's chances should have been excellent. Despite his defeat at Bethnal Green, he was still a Cabinet Minister—a fact which is usually held to be an asset at a by-election; and he was the only man who knew the Insurance Act well enough to explain why it should be popular. Besides that, he had an altogether exceptional advantage in the flying visit of Mr. Lloyd George to aid him in the fight.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer's oratory was not to the taste of Ipswich. Nor did it care for his statistics from the Budget. Mr. Lloyd George's promises have been too often discounted for men to take them at their face value. The Chancellor said as little as he could about Ireland, but the election was fought in the main on Home Rule, and only to a lesser extent on the Welsh Church Bill and the Insurance Act—the last a factor which could not be kept out, since Mr. Masterman, in the popular idea, personifies the Insurance Act. It was won by the Unionists with a clear majority over Radical Cabinet Minister and his Socialist antagonist on Home Rule. Mr. Masterman's career is checked temporarily. The best thing he can do is to stand for Bethnal Green again in the General Election, which cannot now be long delayed. Of far more importance than any personal issue is the fact that Ipswich, an "index" constituency, has emphatically rejected Home Rule. The election was a mandate against the Home Rule Bill.

Most of us have a slight taint at least of Little-Englandism about us; and our tendency is to forget the Empire somewhat in the island. Especially we tend to do this when we are torn by party passion. It is to cure this tendency that an institution like the Overseas Club is of such great value. On Monday the Lord Mayor opened the new rooms of this club—the greatest club in the world, so a Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth has called it. The club numbers over 120,000 members—as against 15,000 a little more than three years ago—and it is becoming a great bond of empire. It brings into touch Canadians, Australians, South Africans and Britons, and helps us to realise the sense of imperial nationhood. The thing has been brilliantly conceived and carried out.

Sir George Reid—who in his speech gave full praise to the success of the club—expressed an earnest hope that its hundred and twenty thousand members would become in a few years half a million. "Our British family", he said in his robust speech, "is widely scattered, and the more closely we are connected—on visiting terms—the better for the continuance of the ardent loyalty which now so happily prevails". He added: "It is a splendid idea". The success of the club is, in no small degree, the work of Mr. Evelyn Wrench, who has worked at it with immense fervour.

Another gold rush, like those to California, Australia, and Johannesburg, seems likely to set in—this time to British Guiana. Raleigh's early faith in El Dorado

and Guianan gold is perhaps to be justified. Those who remain quietly at home will do well to remember that the final economic outcome of every new goldfield is a further depreciation of money. This means a fresh rise in prices.

Mr. Justice Darling, in his severity this week towards Colonel Whitaker, was right; and will be supported by all who hold precious the honour of the Army. Colonel Whitaker, as an officer of the Army, consented to take tips from a contractor. He preferred the interests of one competing firm over another; and he accepted money. Even after an action had been brought as to these transactions Colonel Whitaker still failed to realise that his conduct was wrong or, in any sense, dishonourable. Mr. Justice Darling's sentence of imprisonment was necessary to make it clear to the public that Colonel Whitaker's proceedings must not be regarded as normal or justifiable. Harder punishment was measured out to Colonel Whitaker than to the civilians who corrupted him. This again was as it should be. The offence was worse in an officer than in a tradesman.

It is now upon record that any dealings of this kind between officers of the Army and the agents of firms interested in obtaining contracts admit of no excuse in law; and that all such officers will go to prison. Mr. Justice Darling has given a rude and salutary check to transactions beginning to be too lightly and commonly indulged. When the bounds of indelicacy are reached, flat bribery and corruption are very near. How necessary Mr. Justice Darling's severity has become can be judged by the part in this affair of Lord Saye and Sele. This nobleman tempted an officer of the Army to act as a commercial traveller for a firm of brewers. Rather than that the tacit approval of leniency should be given to conduct of this kind it is well that Colonel Whitaker should suffer. We are no more blind than Mr. Justice Darling to the hard case of Colonel Whitaker. To be made an example 'is always hard. But personal feeling cannot weigh against the honour and interest of the Army in this affair. We would not have Mr. Justice Darling take back a word of his judgment.

The Navy libel action has ended this week in the only possible way. The evidence was tangled and the small points of the case were tedious; but in brief the issue was quite simple. A newspaper, circulating chiefly among seamen, printed an article in which the captain of a battle-ship was held up to derision and contempt. Not even the facts of this article had been ascertained with decent care; and many facts essential to an understanding of the captain's conduct were altogether ignored. The article gave a false and prejudiced view of an officer's discipline—an officer who had served with distinction, whose character was not lightly to be impeached. Indirectly it encouraged the men under him to treat him with disrespect and hostility.

Naturally the officer attacked brought an action for libel. Any action is to be deplored which brings the relations of officers and men in the Services into dispute and trial by jury; but this action could hardly be avoided. The libel, if left unanswered, would have implied that injustice had been done by a naval officer in the maintenance of discipline—injustice without redress. Captain Kemp, vindicating himself, has vindicated the discipline of the Navy. Quite enough evidence was heard to show that the attack upon him was in no way justified. Whether Captain Kemp has the tact and temper to make himself liked as the captain of a battle-ship is a matter for the Admiralty to decide. It is not a matter for the public. The public will simply be content to know that no deliberate injustice or tyranny was done under his command. An English jury has been entirely satisfied of this, and Captain Kemp has been awarded £3,000 damages. There, publicly, the matter ends.

Hamel will be keenly missed not only by airmen and by those who technically follow the art of flying. Hamel has won the popular imagination almost as no other airman has won it. His superb courage, free of all pose or egotism; his extreme youth and wonderful skill forcibly appealed to the imagination of thousands. His qualities are celebrated in the verses "In Memoriam" by D. C. yesterday in the "Times":

"He knew the roads of heaven like a bird".

Hamel had that mysterious talent, over and above mere competence, which enables a man to do things with a grace not to be captured by merely taking pains. He had the genius of flying. Hamel flying at ease in the sun made the whole world seem buoyant. He lifted the spectator upon wings as he flew. Hamel's flying did not seem mere motoring in the air.

Not long ago Hamel was writing in an admirable book published by the house of Longman of the peril of flying over the sea. He has not perished for lack of knowing the risk. He tells us quite plainly that no aircraft can live on a choppy sea long enough to wait for help that is not in view of its fall. "Quite erroneous", he tells us, "is the common idea that the shock of a descent upon water is less than that of an ordinary landing. . . . Water, if struck with any violence, is in effect as hard as concrete; and the sea, with a moderate swell, or with the smallest of choppiness, is, from the point of view of the aviator, like granite agitated by an earthquake".

Hamel ascended into the air near Boulogne to make his familiar passage of the Channel and was not again discovered. He certainly accepted a higher risk for this journey than a less skilful pilot could do without being over-bold; but Hamel's boldness was always measured. He was never careless or rash. His courage was not blind. He knew always what he was doing; and not even the applause and popularity of his public appearances turned his head. Hamel's courage was of the sort that went with his slight figure and enthusiastic face—genuine courage of one who had the imagination to measure danger and to look beyond.

London lives later year by year. The result of this is that people who want to have supper must join a supper club, the restaurants being by law compelled to close too early. It is quite easy to join a supper club; they are only restaurants under another name. But they get round the law. How long is this farce to go on? Mr. McKenna is thinking it over, and a Royal Commission is promised. Meantime the law is palpably an ass. That is the worst of grandpapa legislation. It never stops anything that makes up its mind to go on. It is merely an extra nuisance.

An absurd proposal has been made to place a statue of Abraham Lincoln near the statue of Canning at Westminster. We hope it will not be carried through. The idea is to commemorate the Hundred Years' Peace between Britain and the United States; but Lincoln had nothing to do with either the war of 1812-14 or the peace. The spot where the banal Canning statue stands is considered sacred to great British Parliamentarians; Abraham Lincoln was not even a British subject. There is another objection. We have often criticised the United States and its people, but we would not murder Lincoln again, as it were, in stone.

English posters are the derision of foreigners and the despair of patriots. Their ineffectiveness and bad vulgarity sharply reflect the taste not of our poster artists on the whole, but of our theatrical and commercial men. As it happens our poster artists are just now showing some capital work. Not for years have such true posters been seen in London. With fortune and encouragement these experiments will eventually drive the old intolerable things off the streets. It is only fair to add that the worst offenders—the cinema lures—often are American and German importations.



## LEADING ARTICLES.

## PLAYING FOR POSITION.

THE tone of the political situation has completely changed since the Unionist victory at Ipswich, following on the minor successes in Grimsby and North-East Derbyshire. A Cabinet Minister has been defeated in a strong Nonconformist centre in spite of the personal exertions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the eve of the poll. The confidence of the Coalition has been severely shaken. There is a widespread expectation of a General Election in July.

The Home Rule Bill has been read a third time in the House of Commons without debate. Mr. Bonar Law rightly described the proceedings as a farce. The prospect of the amending Bill has robbed the third reading of significance. There is little new in Mr. Asquith's reply to the Speaker's suggestion that the terms of the amending Bill should be disclosed before the third reading debate on the original Bill. He merely said that if agreement is reached on the exclusion of Ulster the amending Bill will embody the terms agreed upon. If no terms are agreed, the amending Bill, as introduced into the Lords, will consist of Mr. Asquith's original proposal for the temporary exclusion for six years of such Ulster counties as vote for it by referendum. This, we understand, is to form a basis of discussion to pave the way for agreement. But it is common knowledge that the attempt to reopen negotiations broke down because the Nationalists refused to consider any wider suggestions. Agreement is, therefore, impossible—and Mr. Asquith's statement amounts to his original proposal and nothing more. But Ulster will not accept temporary exclusion, and, as Mr. Redmond will not give way, it is evident that the amending Bill cannot form a basis of settlement; indeed, we now know that the proposal for temporary exclusion was never meant to be accepted. Mr. T. P. O'Connor has said as much. He has admitted that when the Nationalists agreed to the offer being made they did not expect it would be accepted. Sir Edward Carson's description of the offer as a "hypocritical sham" is justified. Mr. Asquith's indignation at the phrase is an added hypocrisy. Sir Edward Carson, in a powerful speech at Mountain Ash, on Thursday, complained bitterly of the treachery of the Government. They have deliberately turned to their own advantage the patriotic desire of the Opposition to prevent bloodshed in Ulster. Time after time they have appeared to be conciliatory—they have made illusory offers—they have started useless negotiations simply in order to gain time—to postpone the inevitable collision with Mr. Redmond.

During the Whitsun vacation the Government will have the opportunity to reconsider their position. It is known that several members of the Cabinet are in favour of an early appeal to the country, fearing that further delay will heighten their embarrassment. But it is unlikely that they will do so without a desperate effort to place the Home Rule Bill on the Statute Book. There are many possible courses. Everything is a matter of surmise and conjecture. It is rumoured that if Mr. Asquith cannot carry an amending Bill which will satisfy Ulster he intends to publish simultaneously the Royal Assent to the Home Rule Bill and the proclamation dissolving Parliament. In this way he would hope to prejudice the electorate against Ulster if the Provisional Government were set up while the election was immediately pending. We hesitate to believe that the Government would deliberately gamble against the immediate risk of civil war. It is also doubtful whether the electorate would be influenced by such obvious tactics. The steady perseverance of Ulster has made a deep impression; the Ulster Unionist Council have announced that the Provisional Government will be set up so soon as the Royal Assent is obtained to the Bill, and the people of Great Britain are more likely to respect them if they keep their word regardless of the trickery of the Government.

There is another and more probable course for Mr.

Asquith to take. He has the power to advise the King to give or withhold the Royal Assent to the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Redmond, in his bombastic manifesto to the "Freeman's Journal", on Tuesday, assumed that the Royal Assent must be given automatically by the end of the Session—under the Parliament Act—unless the House of Commons pass a resolution to the contrary. The assumption is mistaken. The Bill is automatically *presented* for the Royal Assent, but the Royal Assent is not automatic. Taking the strict constitutional view that the King acts only on the advice of his Ministers, the Royal Assent would be given or withheld on the advice of Mr. Asquith. Mr. Asquith would therefore be able to use the threat to withhold the Royal Assent to the Home Rule Bill in order to extort Mr. Redmond's consent to the amending Bill. He would be able to give Mr. Redmond the option to accept terms of exclusion that would satisfy Ulster or to defeat the Government in the House of Commons. The defeat of the Government, followed by a dissolution without the Royal Assent, would, of course, put an end to the Home Rule Bill altogether. Mr. Redmond is in a dilemma just as much as Mr. Asquith. Mr. Asquith may have to choose between civil war and a dissolution. Mr. Redmond may have to choose between satisfying Ulster or losing the Bill. He must also remember that, as the Liberal Party are now in a position to secure the Welsh Bill, they will be the less concerned for the fate of the Home Rule Bill.

But these are ultimate possibilities. Immediate interest after the vacation centres in the House of Lords. The amending Bill is to be introduced in the Lords. We have no doubt that they will decline to consider the Home Rule Bill until the terms of the amending Bill are before them—and, indeed, until they are in possession of the considered judgment of the House of Commons on the amending Bill. By that means only can they pass judgment on the Home Rule scheme as a whole. As regards the amending Bill there are three courses open to them. In the first place, since the amending Bill will consist only of proposals for temporary exclusion, which would not satisfy Ulster, the Lords would be justified in rejecting it outright. But the Government have indicated that the proposal for temporary exclusion is not final. It is merely a basis for discussion. Its rejection by the House of Lords would give a pretext for the cry that the House of Lords had made peace impossible. The responsibility, of course, rests with the Government; but, in view of past unscrupulous attacks on the House of Lords, it is undesirable to give the Coalition any opportunity to revive their favourite election cry.

Secondly, the Lords might decline to proceed with the amending Bill until a similar Bill had been introduced and passed through the House of Commons, in order that, before discussing it, they might be acquainted with the decision of the Commons. Logically there is everything to be said for such a course. The Commons are responsible for the scheme, and have no right to shift the burden on to the House of Lords; but this procedure would enable the Government to postpone the whole matter. It would produce a deadlock. The Government, who desire above everything to avoid a conflict with Mr. Redmond, would be glad of the opportunity to distract attention from their difficulties by a wrangle with the House of Lords.

Lastly, the House of Lords could amend the amending Bill by making the "clean cut". Let them exclude the province of Ulster without qualification of any kind and send the Bill to the Commons. The Government would be obliged to face the new position. They would have to consider the Bill as it reached them—with the whole of Ulster excluded indefinitely. They would be brought face to face with Mr. Redmond, and could no longer escape the dilemma which they have evaded during the whole of the present session. For the Lords to amend the amending Bill does not commit them to the principle of the Home Rule Bill itself. They can still reject the main Bill. They need not even read it a second time. It is true they cannot



prevent the operation of the Parliament Act, but by ultimately rejecting the main Bill they would absolve themselves of all responsibility for it.

In the manifesto referred to above Mr. Redmond again hinted his displeasure at the prospect of the amending Bill; there is no indication of weakening in the Nationalist attitude. His supporters in Ireland will never agree to the partition of Ireland. The final decision rests with Mr. Asquith. Will he insist on terms acceptable to Ulster, even although it involve loss of office through the withdrawal of Nationalist support—or will he continue to drift on to civil war?

Fortunately, the third reading in the Commons has not been accompanied by an outbreak in Ulster. Two causes have contributed to prevent this. In the first place the Nationalists find no cause for rejoicing. They are not deceived by Mr. Redmond's assumed optimism. They look forward with considerable misgiving to the debates on the amending Bill. Secondly, the Ulster Volunteers have been a powerful influence in restraint of violence. The knowledge that they can rely on their own strength and the complete discipline which prevails has enabled them to avoid useless rioting. Orders were issued from the Unionist headquarters in Belfast to the battalion commanders all over the province that the Volunteers were promptly to suppress any disorder arising from Nationalist rejoicings at the third reading. Indeed, the Government have relied on the Ulster Volunteers not only to keep the peace themselves, but to keep in check the Nationalist rowdies in Belfast and elsewhere! Had there been any disorder the comparatively few extra police drafted into Ulster from other parts of Ireland would have been of little use. It ought to be widely known that the Government have practically entrusted to the "Ulster rebels" the duty of maintaining order in the province.

#### THE LEADERS OF PARLIAMENT.

THE first half of the Parliamentary session of 1914 will be remembered politically as one of perpetual crisis; and on its personal side it will live as a session of leaders. The front benches have had things all their own way since February. Only one back-bencher, Sir Mark Sykes, has made a speech that by common consent deserves to be remembered; for the rest, the rank and file have had to sit and listen, their only opportunity of talking to a jaded House of Commons coming between seven-thirty and nine, when Cabinet Ministers, the Strangers' Gallery, and even most of the reporters have gone to dinner. When a private member has no audience except the Speaker and half-a-dozen other private members whose only interest in his speech is that he shall make a speedy end, one need not wonder that he usually fails to impress.

Of the leaders, one naturally considers Mr. Asquith first. From the opening day of the session he has had a heavy task, and, physically strong though he is, he has shown signs of the strain. One great personal triumph he has had, when he saved his own Government by taking the post of the impossible Colonel Seely. Also he has had several minor oratorical triumphs. The Prime Minister retains his invaluable faculty for using the right word, and making it seem the only word; and he has also the gift, essential to a great lawyer and not less necessary to the head of a tired Government in difficulties, of giving a weak case the appearance of solidity. Once only has the Prime Minister failed to make himself clear in the House of Commons this session, and that was in his speech immediately after the Curragh incident. But not even the Prime Minister can make that good.

As a Parliamentary tactician, too, Mr. Asquith has shone; he has piloted his two Bills without amendment through the Commons. Whether or not the thing was worth doing, the thing has been done. But there praise of the Prime Minister must end. He has excelled himself as a tactician; he has fallen below himself as a statesman. In the early part of the session he failed to define clearly his own proposals

for excluding Ulster from the Home Rule Bill; even now the amending Bill is not forthcoming, and the situation is allowed to drift into deeper dangers. The procedure is unworthy of a Prime Minister, and it has produced its consequence. The treatment to which he has been subjected by a small section of the Opposition has not always been polite; but it must be recognised that there was cause for complaint, and plain speaking has not come from the Opposition alone. Mr. Redmond has warned his victim of a possible revolt; Mr. Tim Healy has openly hinted that the Prime Minister will throw over his Irish allies at the last moment; Mr. O'Brien has denounced him for not dealing straight; the whole Unionist Party distrust his tortuous strategy; and even the faithful Liberals have embarrassed their leader with memorials advising a different course. What Mr. Asquith has gained as a strategist he has lost in statecraft; but these are the inevitable penalties of the head of a minority Government who makes of Parliamentary artfulness a god; and whose first care always is to compose differences on his own side, to put off dangerous questions, to hold office at all costs.

Other chief men of the Cabinet have not made headway. Mr. Churchill's course has been too erratic for the good of his reputation. During the recess he was for amicable settlement, and thereby lost ground with the Liberals. Then he was for "putting these grave matters to the proof"; and while his boast that some things were worse than bloodshed restored his credit with his own extremists, his attempt to put into Ulster the fear of battle-ships followed too close upon his profession of peace. A few days later his mind was changed again, and, while still suspect of a share in the "plot", he unexpectedly offered peace to Sir Edward Carson after denouncing the Ulster gun-runners for the better part of an hour. The English public does not like the nailing of flags to weather-cocks.

Mr. Churchill is too brilliant, and is suspected, despite his undoubted ability and his extraordinary grasp of and faculty for explaining great principles. The First Lord of the Admiralty would have done more this session had he done less. At the Admiralty he is in some ways quite good; but in the Home Rule controversy he has not done himself justice. The manner of his peacemaking was against the matter.

If Mr. Churchill has kept himself to the front, Mr. Lloyd George has fallen strangely into the background. He has spoken little in the House of Commons, and—except for one brilliant speech on his own inaccuracies in the land campaign—he has not done himself justice. His Budget speech was admittedly a failure, as the Budget itself seems likely to be. Temporarily he has lost grip and fighting power. Mr. Lloyd George of 1909 was a stronger man than is Mr. Lloyd George of 1914. Even on the platform he seems to have declined, judging from his speech at Ipswich and its results. The causes of this eclipse are obvious enough. He is tired; he has had to husband his voice—the sorest of all trials for an orator; and he has not yet recovered his self-assurance from the Marconi episode.

The rest of the Government calls for little notice. Sir E. Grey has wisely kept aloof from controversy. He has been seen little and less heard on the Treasury Bench. Mr. McKenna, having no particular reputation to gain or lose, has neither gained nor lost; and the Under-Secretaries have been Under-Secretaries—if more important than Cabinet Ministers in their own esteem, less important than influential private members in fact.

It is no party bias that leads one to the conclusion that the Opposition have gained ground. Mr. Bonar Law has a directness and honesty which his tortuous chief opponent may well envy and fear. He has spoken well and led his party straight in circumstances of quite extraordinary difficulty. His one conspicuous mistake was some unfortunate phrases in the discussions on the duty of the Army; and he has occasionally shown himself too ready to be drawn into the witness-box when Mr. Asquith has chosen to adopt the rôle of a cross-examiner. But his set speeches have

been excellent, and it has become a pose of Liberals who cannot answer them to laugh at them. The pose—for it is nothing more—is a tacit confession of embarrassment, and we would remind those who take up this attitude that Mr. Bonar Law's speeches have the rare quality of reading well. That is an asset of no mean value in a day when thousands read a speech for one who hears it.

The real difficulties of Mr. Bonar Law arise not from the subtleties and tortuosities of his opponents—for these an honest man has little difficulty, if some natural disgust, in exposing—but from powerful allies on his own side. Mr. Balfour is a loyal follower, but the position of an old leader who voluntarily let fall his mantle on another is always a source of embarrassment to his successor. Mr. Balfour's intellectual supremacy over the whole House of Commons, over Mr. Asquith as well as Mr. Bonar Law, is as conspicuous as ever. The Leader of the Opposition would be the first to admit that Mr. Balfour has qualities which are the envy and the despair of all his contemporaries.

If Mr. Balfour has outshone his present leader in intellect, Sir Edward Carson has dominated the whole House of Commons and the country as well. The House has hung on his words, for on them hung the issue of peace or civil war. It has recognised—all save a little knot of Radicals, unable to recognise conviction when they see it—his naked sincerity, his powers as the leader of Ulster in a fight that once seemed hopeless and now seems well-nigh won. Sir Edward Carson is the man of the year.

Two other men stand out from the Opposition. Mr. F. E. Smith has not spoken often, but with one exception—when replying to Mr. Lloyd George's defence of his attacks on dukes—he has spoken extremely well. The House would willingly hear more of him than he can give. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has added to his growing reputation as a straight and forcible speaker, who relies on character rather than intellectual subtlety, on clearness of diction more than polish of phrase. We all feel he has a good broad back.

Finally there is the Speaker. He has been sorely tried this session, and hard pressed to preserve order and the dignity of the Chair. He has had one conspicuous success, and one mistake, quickly recovered. He snubbed Mr. John Ward, effectually checking a nuisance at Westminster, and saved the House an angry scene when that darling of the National Liberal Club proposed obstruction. But when the Speaker asked Mr. Bonar Law last week a question concerning the disorder of his followers, he blundered, in phrase rather than in fact. The Speaker's success passed without notice; the blunder, perhaps, has received too much. But on the whole Mr. Lowther has come through the session well. He has lost none of his old faculty for quieting an excited House by making anger dissolve in laughter. We doubt if there is quite the same respect for the Chair as there once was. It may be only the inevitable consequence of a critical session, but we would remind the offenders that if once reverence for the Speaker goes, the House of Commons goes too. There are good judges, and those not merely the *laudator temporis acti*, who hold that the House is no longer what it was, and that the character of its members has changed for the worse. We do not entirely agree with them, but we admit with regret that these critics of decorum are able to advance more arguments in their favour than we could desire.

#### THE CANTEENS CASE.

CRUSHING the broken reed is at best an ungrateful business. But, however unpleasant it may be to deal harshly with the fallen, there is clearly need for plain speaking over the lamentable affair known as the Army Canteen Scandal. Ordinarily we should be well content to add nothing to the severe but entirely just observations of Mr. Justice Darling regarding the guilt of Colonel Whitaker. Concerning

the man there can only be one feeling—of profound and sincere compassion. It is pitiable to contemplate the ruin of an officer with a fine record of public service behind him. Sorrow for the husband and father, sorrow for his family, is natural and inevitable. It is no enviable nature than can be unaffected by the tragedy of Colonel Whitaker's fall: that can follow without some stirring of emotion his humble and (it must be said) rather unmanly plea for clemency. The punishment is heavy—the more cruel because it cannot fall on the offender alone, but must inflict pain and distress on perfectly innocent parties—and it is all to the credit of the public if it can, while condemning the crime, feel not unkindly to the criminal.

But—unhappily—sympathy with the wrong-doer is nowadays scarcely compatible in most people with clear recognition of his offence. There seems to be no definite frontier line between the wholly respectable human instinct which leads a man to take off his hat in the presence of a tragedy and the flatulent sentimentalism which, under the influence of a gust of emotion, forgets all distinctions of right and wrong. In some newspapers is to be observed a disposition to regard Colonel Whitaker's punishment as excessively severe. Some dinner table criticism may take even more decidedly the same line, and be inclined to adopt quite a light view of the offence itself. Everybody, it is said, takes tips. Cabinet Ministers do it, artistically and on a larger scale; and the House of Commons declines by a big majority to regret the fact. The whole scheme of business depends on the tip system. Society could not exist without it. People of good position take tips for recommending a motor-car, for arranging the sale of an Old Master, for launching a *nouveau riche* in first-rate society. "Where do I come in?" is a piece of argot understood everywhere, from Aldgate to St. James's. Why, therefore, should Colonel Whitaker be sent to prison for doing what everybody does, more or less? Fine him, by all means. A man deserves a fine if only for the indiscretion of being found out. But six months in gaol, with a severe lecture from the judge—that is vindictive and savage. Such is no unfair summary of the comment of people who ought to know very much better. Many of Colonel Whitaker's critics, indeed, seem to take Colonel Whitaker's own view of his conduct. "I have always been a man of honour", he said, in that distressing appeal which is, perhaps, more disastrous to his reputation than the jury's verdict itself. "I never looked on this as a crime. I thought no wrong. I am absolutely innocent. I am an injured man." Read without the context, these protestations of innocence might give the impression of an unfortunate man who had blundered honestly into a purely technical offence. But Colonel Whitaker, as everyone knows, was most righteously convicted of accepting a large money bribe from the servants of Lipton's, Ltd., the firm which held the contract for the canteen of his regiment; and the bribe was offered in order that he should show favour to that firm, or at least refrain from showing disfavour to it. It was a case of gross corruption, of undignified and ignominious compliance with unworthy proposals. It was an offence which no man with a correct conception of honesty should have committed; and, even if honesty were lacking, the instinct of a gentleman should have been a sufficient rampart against temptation. The man who could be guilty of accepting such a bribe from such a source was not only, in the judge's words, "lost to all sense of what is honourable", but dead to that much commoner impulse which prompts men of no excessive delicacy to kick inferiors who approach them with insulting suggestions. It is, indeed, humiliating to find an officer of high rank in the British Army willing to tout for a brewery firm in exchange for a free holiday trip. Perhaps even more humiliating is it to find in the person of another officer—now the bearer of a venerable title and a member of the Government—the actual inspirer of this cadging odyssey.

The sole consolation is that Colonel Whitaker cannot be taken as typical of his class in this matter. The



canteen scandal has been probed to the bottom; there is nothing more to come out. It has been a sorry story. Over a long term of years a large number of non-commissioned officers were systematically corrupted; the suggestion has been made that such corruption is a necessary feature of the business, and that other firms have practised it; and the character of the revelations suggests that the entire overhauling of the canteen system is imperiously demanded. But on the other hand nothing has been elicited to shake the public faith in the integrity of commissioned officers as a class; and Colonel Whitaker may be regarded as a single melancholy example of the poor man of high position in whom desire for mere money has atrophied the sense of honour and dignity. The Judge has been criticised for the severity with which he punished the officer's offence, while he treated the non-commissioned offenders with marked leniency, and let off the civilians with far from excessive fines. But on the whole substantial justice has been done. It might have been advisable to accentuate more strongly the law's censure of a system of trading dependent on bribery. But it must be remembered that the system was in existence when these men entered the business; and the main responsibility would seem to rest elsewhere if, as Mr. Justice Darling holds, the system was "known to the directorate, encouraged by the directorate, and persisted in by the directorate after there had been consideration given as to whether to stop that system or not". If these prosecutions put an end to a wholly vicious practice the comparative leniency of the Judge need not be deplored; if not, it will be necessary to deal more drastically with future offenders. But the case of Colonel Whitaker lies on a different plane. He cannot plead, like his non-commissioned subordinates, conformity with an established custom. He has not the ignoble excuses of the civilians. What in the sergeant may be a venial venality is corruption gross and monstrous in the colonel of a regiment. What the tradesman may consider a smart trick is unpardonable dishonesty, or at best ignominy unspeakable, in an officer. The standard of personal honour and delicacy in money matters is steadily declining. Mercantile concerns stoop to trickery their Victorian predecessors would have scorned. Cabinet Ministers are not ashamed to accept tips. High-placed women supplement their allowances by social services given in exchange for hard cash. If stainless honour is to be preserved anywhere, it is in the services; and if one man's suffering is necessary to maintain the standard of military integrity, the cost is not excessive.

#### HAMEL THE HERO.

HOW deeply the romance of airmanship has impressed the imagination was made manifest by the wide interest taken in the tragic disappearance of Gustav Hamel. The days are still to come when hapless people will curse the malignant ferocity of belligerent aircraft as they have never cursed engine of war before. The apparent impossibilities of flight still inspire an interest warmed with wonder and admiration, and disaster after disaster has prevented our becoming indifferent to the courage which carries men into the air.

Ten years ago the life of romantic adventure, which had seemed almost to be crowded out of this planet, was renewed for us by those intrepid spirits who raced in awe-inspiring engines at express speed across Europe from one capital to another, dashing themselves to pieces against trees, bridges, and telegraph poles by the way.

Even in a looped loop there probably lies no thrill to be compared with that first experience of ninety miles an hour along an unprotected highway, with little enough of faith in the craft that carried you and the disastrous wreckage of less fortunate competitors in distressing evidence by the way. But with the commercialising of the motor car all that joyous lunacy of

the past has become, except for those who shared it, a dim memory merely, and the romantic pennon has been passed on to the new masters of the air. The "conquest" of an element, since there are so few of them, must be among the greatest events in the world's story. Man wrested life from the earth, he made fire to serve him, he taught the sea to bear him, before he learnt to record his victories, and his conquest of the air has had to wait till our power of celebration has grown to exceed our capacity for achievement. Men may wonder in the future at the fuss we have made about flying, just as we might wonder now, with Lucifer himself in our pockets, at the fuss that was doubtless made about the first lighted fire.

Yet for all that, and whatever may be the marvels of flight to follow, our point of view will remain the sounder. It is not only the first step that costs; it is the first step that enhances. It was the man who first felt the world's motion who paid in pain for his discovery and wears the deathless renown of it; and it is not the men who are still to perform miracles of movement through the air who will deserve to be remembered, but those who, ere any of the principles of flight were solved, and while the air was still an unknown country, permitted themselves to be lifted into it by engines which have already been consigned to the scrap-heap of suicidal extravagance.

We have watched the airmen much as of old the peasant watched the gay retinue of a crusade stream past his hovel on a quest passing his comprehension to lands of which he had no wit to dream. And the spirit which drew men into the air, despite the relentless destroyer which seemed there to await them, was not so very different from that which led mailed knights to Jerusalem. To both glory beckoned, and perhaps the hope of gain; but stronger than these was the romance that clings to the conquest of the unknown. The challenge of disputable possession was the same from both, and the fighting soul of man picked up the gage as eagerly in one century as in another. The same invincible determination was in Wilbur Wright as in Cœur de Lion, and the calm indifference to the hosts of heaven—storm and rain and blinding mist—which launched Gustav Hamel on his last adventure, was but a counterpart of that sublime simplicity which sent king and knight to their destruction against "the hosts of hell".

Though the far-sighted may view with grave misgiving this violation of a great neutrality to which flight must lead us, this prospective bondage of the free air, one can pay a homage of pure admiration to the men engaged in its subjugation, who have given with such a generous prodigality their lives to the cause, and no man has faced perils with more splendid hardihood, or worn the fame they have won him with more generous modesty, than he whose untimely end England mourns to-day. Even the sad uncertainty of his fate seems to veil with a romantic glamour the last hazard of his career. He had been granted from those heights, to which only the eagle soars, his "Pisgah sights" of the new Land of Promise, and, like that other leader who was permitted them, no man knows now his place of burial. He rode out into the mists, fearless as ever, and only he has pierced the mystery into which he rode.

And, deeply as we may deplore his loss and ours, we may surely be certain that he rests content, having learnt that "there be better things than gaining, richer prizes than attaining", for every true knight who hears and answers that challenge of his day:

"Uppe and sette yt lance in reste!  
Uppe and follow on the queste!  
Leave the issue to be guessed  
At the endynge of the waye."



## THE DERBY.

FEW Englishmen will grudge France her success at Epsom, especially as nearly half a century has passed since Gladiateur gained the only other French win in the history of the Derby. The Derby, the most English of races, is also in some sense an international affair; and if an English stable is not destined to win, the next best thing is that such good neighbours and good sportsmen as the French should be successful. There is, too, a certain sense of fitness in the victory of a complete outsider. To say so may seem unfeeling to the thousands who fancied Kennymore, or had infallible tips as to Breakspear. But the Derby, as the great festival of the sporting outsider, ought to be, as it really seems to be, under the special protection of the pagan God of Luck. The dead certainty is quite in place at Lincoln, or Newmarket, or Doncaster, where knowing people resort. We are there in an atmosphere of scientific calculation. We think of horses in terms of conic sections. The chances of Lucky Boy or Prancing Polly are worked out with as much care as the trajectory of a new gun. The unexpected, of course, will happen sometimes; but then even the unexpected is expected, and carefully taken into consideration. But at Epsom this cool professional spirit—the spirit of Mincing Lane or Capel Court, or perhaps Greenwich Observatory—is swamped by the ingenuous recklessness of the multitude; and it seems only right that some gamblers' providence should intervene to level up things between the knowing and the innocent. One likes to think that the adventurous draper, who trusts his half-sovereign to Signorinetta because he once went on a Polytechnic trip to Italy, or fancies Orby because the jockey's colours remind him of his lucky line in chiffons last season, should have much the same chance as the deeply learned hairdresser's assistant, or the sporting butcher who prides himself on an instinct for horseflesh. A Derby which invariably justified the best sporting prophets would be a very dull thing.

For the Derby is essentially Everyman's race; and it is only fitting that Everyman should have his thrill and his chance of the sweets of unearned gold. Why especially this one event in the racing calendar should interest everybody is not quite clear. The Derby is not the oldest race; it is not the most valuable; it is not generally the most exciting. It is not a great Society fair like Ascot, or a sporting picnic like Goodwood. It does not yield the fierce emotions of the Grand National. But it is still, and promises always to be, the great race for people who take no general interest in racing. Perhaps the name has much to do with it. "The Derby Winner" or "The Duke's Derby" are taking titles for a melodrama or a novelette; while the Two Thousand Guineas or the Cesarewitch fail to grip. People will always stare at a great canvas if it is labelled "The Derby—1858", or any other year. Frith, with his instinct for "what the public wants", knew that, and did not waste his time on Ascot or the St. Leger. The great novelists were as much under the spell of the race as the painters and playwrights. An interesting scrap-book might be made of literary references to the Derby. It would, of course, give pride of place to that particular Derby which filled Colonel Altamont's pockets and emptied Sir Francis Clavering's; but, curiously enough, it would have no important theft from Dickens. It is strange that he, of all writers, ignored the possibilities of the great popular race. He might easily have made Lord Frederick Verisopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk quarrel at the Derby, instead of being content with a little race-meeting near Hampton Court. To suppose that Dickens never saw the Derby is scarcely possible; that he should have gone and returned without copy is almost equally incomprehensible. It is rather a pity. We might have had something as curiously ingenuous as the Dingley Dell cricket match.

Had Dickens been born forty years later the omission would no doubt have been made good. For the Derby, undoubtedly, is even more a popular festival than it was, though, largely owing to the changes in the London season, it is less significant as a social

landmark. The telegraph and the cheap sporting Press have made it more than ever an event of national and indeed world-wide interest. There is probably not an Englishman to-day in any civilised part of the globe who does not know that Durbar II. won the Derby of 1914. The cable sent the news to every telegraph station within a few hours of the race. It has been Marconigraphed to every big steamer, and signalled to tramps and sailing ships ploughing their laborious way to the ends of the earth. In dark places where even Mr. Jenkin's name conveys no meaning, and where Mr. Harry Vardon is regarded with cool detachment, the Derby result is a matter of lively interest. For where there are two Englishmen, in the bush, or in the jungle, or on the pampas, there will be a bet on the Derby; and where twenty or thirty are gathered together there will be a sweepstake. The Derby is one of the gossamer filaments that bind the English-speaking race together. The exile remembers the Derby of twenty years ago as he remembers, with a hunger unknown to the stay-at-home, the May glory of St. James's Park, or the scents and sounds of the country lane, or the eddying torrent of life at Piccadilly Circus. It is one of the things that remind him that he, whether called Sahib or Señor or San, is still of the straightest sect an Englishman.

With the masses at home the Derby is more than a race: it is a holiday. Rightly considered, it is the attenuated modern representative of that protest against the supremacy of the prosaic which was once expressed more liberally in gods' days or saints' days. People go to the Derby much as they used to dance round the Maypole, or join in the pagan revels. It satisfies the deep-seated human longing to kick over the traces, to dethrone even for a day the modern idol of routine. People do not go to the Derby to see horses race; nine-tenths of them see little but the crowd. They go because they are habitually quiet men who are dying to be a little rowdy; habitually strait-laced men who crave the luxury of conscious wickedness; habitually prudent men who feel that they must be reckless for one day out of three hundred and sixty-five. The wisdom of other ages provided regular outlets—for women as well as men—for the mutiny against routine which must seize us all at intervals if we remain human. Modern civilisation, with its worship of business, has stopped up these outlets. Whether it has gained much may be doubted. We have more working days, but more strikes also. Our females do not rush about the woods in a frenzy, at stated times, with wild invocations to Bacchus; these primitive outbreaks are not now in order. But civilisation has not entirely conquered. People go to the Derby, since neither old paganism nor mediæval Christianity can come to their rescue. The Derby wins notably in the fight with business. Parliament scorns the Derby nowadays, and sits with empty benches; factories do not close, and workmen decide in multitudes to lose a day; offices refuse to shut, and mysterious sickness afflicts the typist and the junior clerk. These things are inevitable. They are an assertion, in the most businesslike age of the world, that business was made for man, and not man for business. The Derby is English humanity's annual mutiny against the machine.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

## A DESPERATE HERETIC.

BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

TAKING one with another, heretics no doubt are a quarrelsome, contentious, irritable set of fellows, whose false doctrine is the capital fallacy that error must be violently plucked up by the roots, not humanely left to the withering and rotting processes of truthful time. But although it is manifest enough to tolerant gentlemen in easy circumstances that error should be left to die, and should never be killed, we must nevertheless make the admission that something of our present immunity from the powers of darkness is owing to those peevish, turbulent rascals who in back

ages noisily assaulted the forts of authority held by the children of light.

Among the pleasantest heretics who ever sat down to a hurried dinner I number John de Launoi, whose story is preserved in Bayle's Dictionary, and whose soul, I trust, is with God. This agreeable and shining doctor of divinity, who greatly perturbed Mother Church in the seventeenth century, long before the unborn chins of our Modernists were razorable, suffered himself to be annoyed by the plethora of saints in the Roman Calendar. That was his simple and pleasant foible. He was a Norman, born in a village near Coutances, and he bourgeoned during adolescence into a philosopher and theologian at the University of Paris. Such was the profundity of his learning that he was regarded even by the most cramped and rheumatic seniors of knowledge as a veritable prodigy, and "the learned Father Sirmond . . . used to say of Mr. de Launoi, that whenever he had heard him say something that was good, he would go and write a book". But such was the youthful doctor's annoyance—nay, aggravation—at the multitude of saints that he must needs write provocative books of a most revolutionary character, and transmogrify himself from a charming and scholarly divine into an armed and desperate poacher on the preserves of tradition. He wanted to know, if you please!

Hear, for instance, what Guy Patin had to say of him: "I give you notice that I have delivered a small packet to a young man of Lyons. Among other books you will find that of Mr. de Launoi, wherein he attempts to prove that there never was any such Saint as Rhenatus, nor any Bishop of Angers of that name. 'Tis he who wrote against St. Dionysius the Areopagite, and declared that he had never been in France; against the scapulary of the Carmelites, and against Mary Magdalen, affirming that she never came into Provence. . . . Some people here call him a desperate damn'd wretch, saying that people ought to be aware of him: that he every year ejects a Saint from Paradise, and that there is reason to fear he will at last eject God himself from it! Notwithstanding this, no one has answered him yet".

We are told by a more judicious hand that "Rome could not bear without indignation that Mr. de Launoi, how great a scholar soever he might be, should uncanonise five or six unknown Saints, who, in the ages of ignorance, had crept into the breviary; and that, like Homer's Jupiter, who expelled the whole rabble of gods, and with a kick of the breech threw 'em from Heaven to earth, this Doctor should, with one stroke of his pen, remove from the Throne of Glory some Saints whom Rome had too credulously placed on it".

The stories about this terrible person are legion, but one extract from Vigneul Marville will suffice to put the modern reader into some acquaintance with the merciless nature of his disposition: "Mr. de Launoi was a terrible critic, formidable both to heaven and earth. He has expelled a greater number of Saints from Paradise than ten Popes have canonised. He suspected the whole martyrology; and he sought for, or examined, all the Saints in their turn, in the same manner as the Nobility are in France. The rector of St. Eustachius's church in Paris used to say: 'Wherever I meet Dr. de Launoi I bow as low as the ground; and never speak to him but with my hat in my hand, and with the utmost humility, for fear he should bereave me of my St. Eustachius, who indeed hangs but by a thread'".

That he had a sense of humour, in spite of his unfortunate foible, may be gathered from the following narrative by a Dominican: "I one day said to Mr. de Launoi that he had disgusted all the Dominicans in the tracts he had writ against father Nicolai, and that they would all draw their pens against him. But he answered me with a malicious air: I dread their penknives much more than I do their pens". And how one likes, too, the prolegomenon of his last Will and Testament: "I shall soon have done, for I have not much to bequeath".

He died an honest rich man, leaving more money than he knew he was master of—"he did not give himself the trouble to count over his money, and some-

times forgot where he had laid it"—but he did not die, I gather, in the odour of sanctity. Authority was hard on his bones. "There has not been a man", said a contemporary Abbot, "more zealous for the doctrine of the Clergy of France; nor whose labours were more indefatigable, in order to illustrate it and defend it, than the excellent Mr. de Launoi, who likewise had a soul abhorrent of everything that was venal. What has been done to honour his memory, you very well know. They would not so much as suffer to be engraved on his tomb the slender testimony which his friends paid to his merit . . . they had even stopt, as it were, his mouth, some years before his death, by forbidding him to continue certain conferences that were held at his apartment".

It would seem that this admirable but possessed Mr. de Launoi had something of the same feeling towards the martyrology as our own Bacon entertained towards the nobility. Bacon warned princes against a too numerous gentry, and would have aristocracy kept to a small, exclusive and unbroken circle. Guicciardini, if I remember rightly, has something of the same counsel for emperors and kings. It was a feeling of this nature which impelled John de Launoi to sift the Saints of the Calendar; but, instead of uttering the philosophical reflection that a few saints are better guardians of religion than a great multitude, he must needs grasp his sieve in both hands and so violently shake the sacred dust of tradition that the rattle and noise of it reached even to Rome, which was then so much farther from Paris than it is now that one marvels how Pope or Cardinal ever came to know even of Mr. de Launoi's existence. That was his heresy: he made too great a noise in the world. Bayle has a comment on this good gentleman's life which I am modest enough to affirm is very well worth all the rest of the present article put together. He says that while men of learning in every age undeceive a numberless multitude of people, yet there is no change in the public ceremonies. "The Ritual", he says, "will last longer than the Faith or Religion on which it is grounded".

You will agree with me, I am sure, unless you have but now jumped the counter, that we suffer in these days from an excessive number of gentlemen—that there is many a strutting fellow who, like St. Eustace, "hangs but by a thread"; you may even go so far as to desire that some John de Launoi should immediately arise to challenge the right of the vast majority of persons now in black coats to the respect of the lower orders. But you may be very sure of this—that while a numberless multitude of people is already undeceived upon this matter, any low fellow with a florin for a waiter, a shilling for a cabman, or a sixpence for a porter, will earn the touched cap, the humble obeisance, and the recognising title of "Sir".

The Ritual will last longer than the Faith on which it is grounded.

One may say that the world has been rolling in one direction for so long a time that it is uncharitable and not in reason to expect it to turn about and go backwards to the perfection of Adam's birthday. Whether there was any such Saint as Rhenatus, whether Mary Magdalen ever came preaching into Provence, whether Eustachius was much too great a rogue to be entitled first to a saintship and afterwards to the largest parish church in Paris—what does it matter? Let the burning breast of the reformer receive a wholesome squirt of cold water from the Remarks to the Paris edition of Bayle's Dictionary, where it is written:—

"De Launoi wrote a great deal, and did not think enough."

And yet—"I shall soon have done, for I have not much to bequeath." That is so gentle that one has a kindly feeling for this particular heretic. One hopes that, in spite of writing too much and thinking too little, he may now be in a comfortable position at least to offer his apologies to the saints in glory.

Mary Magdalen, I am very sure, will forgive him that little scandal about Provence.



## CONCERT AND OPERA CONDUCTING.

BY JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

NOT until a week ago did it occur to me that conducting an opera and conducting at a concert are very different arts, that a man who excels in both has mastered these separate arts, and that not many have done this. To secure a fine rendering of a work—not only a purely instrumental work, but a scene from an opera—in the concert-room he must discard the methods that serve in the theatre and find others to take their place. This, I daresay, is less obvious to the ordinary concert-goer than a fact of which most opera-goers are painfully aware—namely, that some fine concert conductors make a hideous mess of things when they attempt opera. Our native conductors have few chances of doing this, but when the chance is given it is usually taken full advantage of. I have heard French and German conductors come terribly to grief. Instances of opera conductors making hash of masterpieces in the concert-room are anything but rare. Mottl never did exactly that, but frequently got very near to doing it. His first concert here was a stupendous artistic success, but, if I remember rightly, it was devoted entirely to Wagner; certainly his second one proved a wondrous fiasco; and on several occasions abroad I heard him make Beethoven sound more tame and flat than one could have imagined possible. Levi, again, was said to be a very great opera-conductor, but when he played here in the Queen's Hall he certainly gave no one any reason to think so. As a rule Frenchmen come off worst; their theatrical effects fail completely, sound thin, tawdry, strained, away from footlights and scenery. Of all the conductors I have heard attempt both arts, I can remember only two, Richter and Nikisch, who are uniformly successful in both theatre and concert-hall.

These sage reflections were suggested to my mind at a "Parsifal" concert given in Queen's Hall last Saturday. Mr. Bodanzky had directed "Parsifal" admirably at Covent Garden a few months before, and it was hard to realise that this was the same man. Of course, the test was a severe one. The prelude, the *Verwandlungs* music, the introduction to the third act, and the Good Friday music, if there is plenty of outward variety, have a common atmosphere; if played by a commonplace conductor they would be intolerably monotonous. Bodanzky is far from being a commonplace conductor, and that is perhaps why he failed. He seemed determined to show he was not commonplace; and instead of bringing out of the music all the points that sound well in a hall he emphasised a hundred points that make no effects away from the theatre. Take, for instance, the Good Friday music. Here the prevailing note is beauty and serenity; the blue sky, the green fields, and the flowers are in the music itself. On the stage the huge climax of emotion is brought about by the words, the things said, by the attitude of Kundry and Gurnemanz, by the robing of Parsifal and the rest. What the orchestra has to do, to speak colloquially, is to keep quiet; the stage action will do the rest. In the concert-hall these helps—or rather these essentials—are not present; the music must do the whole work. In the music there is the possibility of a great climax of tone, and to bring this out, to emphasise it, even to exaggerate it, is the task and the opportunity for the conductor. Bodanzky thought only of the theatre; we waited sadly for a climax that never came. His rendering of the piece was, in a word, an utter failure. Even less successful was the *Verwandlungs* music, and for precisely the opposite reason. Here, where the music makes its own climax in a hall but needs working up in the theatre, he insisted on working it up until, so to speak, the cord snapped—the thing sounded forced, thin; the massive, magnificent voice of the orchestra broke into a shrill falsetto. In the Magic Garden scene he brought out such things as the Parsifal "as hero" theme, which need emphasis in connection with the stage and then possess significance, but only break the continuous flow of the music where they sound out to the obliteration of all else.

Least successful of all was the finale of the "Dusk of the Gods". This gorgeous, brilliant coruscation in Wagner's later style, this magnificent display of sheer virtuosity, sombre, tragic, splendid example of musical picture-painting, offers a concert-conductor perhaps the best opportunity in all the music that has ever been written. True, a theatre-conductor has his chance there, but he must take advantage of it by keeping all quiet until the tremendous conclusion is reached—then, indeed, he can and must let go and smite with his whole strength. The music may be said roughly to divide itself into two great sections; the first must be comparatively subdued, the second needs the last shade of noise and power to be got out of a band. A concert rendering must be much flatter, much more even. The accompaniment to Brünnhilda must not be allowed to disappear; the music must compensate for the absence of the great hall, the dark stage, the gloomy figures, the dead body of Siegfried, and the funeral pyre. This means that the singer must be hardly taxed, but if the piece is done in the concert-room at all it must be done in that way. Bodanzky made the thing hopelessly uneven by subduing the band preposterously at first, with sudden little outbursts that drowned the singer's voice at moments, and then by letting himself go in his finest theatre manner—with the result that our ears were split by what seemed to be mere unnecessary noise. There was no effect of climax—no more than would have resulted if the roof had fallen on us; there was only a deafening row; all the glory and splendour departed. Of Miss Carrie Tubb's singing of the scene I cannot speak; she had no real support from the orchestra when she needed it and got too much of it at times when she didn't.

The whole of Bodanzky's playing had the curious effect of making one think that the band was not there in its full numbers. This may actually have been the case, for I did not count them; but even if it was so it was the conductor's clear duty to make a harder struggle than ever to secure evenness by playing everything on a smaller scale. If it was not so, then the failure of the whole concert can only be attributed to Bodanzky's purely theatre methods, to the absence of an endeavour to read the music without theatrical spectacles on—or rather, having read it with them on, to transcribe the effects into terms that are effective and have meaning, significance, in the concert-room. That he is a very fine conductor in opera I have already admitted; he may even be a very great one. But he will never impress audiences accustomed to the playing of Wood, Landon Ronald, Richter, Nikisch unless he consents to study the concert art, and to regard it as a very different thing from the opera art.

Poor as the performances were, they yet made it clear to me that if "Parsifal" is to survive at all it will be in the form of selections for orchestra alone. Heard without the words and all the sickly associations of the stage much of the music sounds fine. The Good Friday scene without the unlovely travesties of Wagner's story is a very lovely thing; the *Verwandlungs* music without wailing scenery and a pair of "pure fools" telling one another that "here time and space are one" sounds noble and one feels the picturesque quality that Wagner could not, even at his worst, keep out of his music. But the fact remains that, on the whole, "Parsifal" is catchpenny stuff, Wagner's only pot-boiler. I am convinced that when he wrote it he knew quite well what he was about; he had learnt that nothing pays like religion. He will pay the penalty of his misdeed. Gurnemanz, the exponent of his religious views, will be eliminated, and as without that dreary gentleman the opera cannot go forward, this or the next generation will allow it to drop behind and be content to hear in concert form the really beautiful music Wagner's genius compelled him to write.



## PYGMALION AGAIN.

BY JOHN PALMER.

OF all the points as to Mr. Shaw's personality and methods illustrated by "Pygmalion" none is more interesting than his use in the third act of a harmless swear-word whereby he suggests to the audience that he is a devil of a fellow. Mr. Shaw has through all his career built up a reputation for being a shocking person by doing entirely harmless and respectable things under the impression that they were anarchical and rash. I am often asked why the works of Mr. Shaw are admired and popular in a country where no really unpleasant thing has the faintest chance of success till it is at least a generation old. The answer to this misleading question is that Mr. Shaw is never really unpleasant. It is not in his delicate and refined personality to be unpleasant. Mr. Shaw is almost devoid of the average coarseness of common humanity. The idea of Mr. Shaw really shocking anybody more than sixteen years of age would be too absurd for discussion had it not passed into a popular superstition. A great number of people—at one time they included the Lord Chamberlain—have it firmly rooted in their minds that Mr. Shaw is a scandalous person. They expect his every other word to be an oath or a blasphemy. They discover a sinister design upon their susceptibilities in his prepositions and conjunctions. Mr. Shaw cannot in their eyes do any innocent or respectable thing. If Mr. Shaw was discovered to be taking tea with Mrs. Grundy they would scent a scandal. How has this idea taken so firm a hold of the people if it has no foundation in his work or in his personal character? Let us look more closely at this mysterious freak of common fame. How has it happened that an extremely refined and agreeable writer, who can talk about rape or sewage like a perfect lady, has come to be thought an utterly shameless author whose plays may only be visited with that sense of guilt which spices so many of our established forms of pleasure?

Perhaps "Pygmalion" will help us to understand. Mr. Shaw in "Pygmalion" has shocked the town with a word that has long since lost any flavour of brimstone it might once have enjoyed. Mr. Shaw may, of course, be drawing upon his memories of a time when this word really was devilish and insupportable. But this is the twentieth century. Long before I was old enough to know that Mr. Shaw existed this word was a polite and household term. It had been officially taken up by the Army and Navy. It was freely used in all the most respectable families in the country. A little later it passed into the ordinary dramatic literature of the day—an absolute sign that it was already colourless and inoffensive. To-day it freely sprinkles the plays of the younger Irish dramatists. It has even been accepted into the language of formal poetry. At this point Mr. Shaw takes it into his theatre. He takes it into his theatre in a way that bereaves one of breath in contemplation of his innocence and the essential niceness of his mind. He actually uses it as a shocking example of the sort of language used by a girl from the East End! But there is more amazement to come. He not only offers this word as a shocking epithet. It is actually accepted as such by his audience. People go about asking with bated breath, and the fearful pleasure of good citizens contemplating something unusually depraved, whether we have heard Mr. Shaw's latest assault upon our sensibilities. The word in "Pygmalion", in fact, typifies the whole of Mr. Shaw's astonishing career. He does something wholly innocuous, well-worn, and established. At once the public is full cry, celebrating his audacity and shamelessness. What, again, are we to make of it?

It cannot be explained, as Mr. Shaw would like it to be explained, by simply assuming that Mr. Shaw is a clever and ingenious man of business with ability to make the public accept him at a value fixed by himself. We all know the delightful preface wherein Mr. Shaw

talks of his deliberate trumpeting of G.B.S.—a preface recalling Thomas Carlyle upon the infinite gullibility of mankind. But Mr. Shaw on G.B.S. is in this instance inadequate. No man ever yet successfully deceived the public over a long period of time without first having successfully deceived himself. Mr. Shaw would never have persuaded us—entirely without evidence—that he was a devil of a fellow if he had not really, at one time believed it. To account for Mr. Shaw's sulphurous reputation we must go a little into the psychology of Mr. Shaw. Whence has he derived his personal conviction that he is distinguished above his fellows for frankness, brutality, and indecorum?

It all arises from his incredible refinement. Mr. Shaw has always been too ethereal a being for the common world. Things as they are shock him most profoundly. Even when things as they are have been reduced to the order and decorum requisite for presentation in a West End theatre, Mr. Shaw still retains the power to be shocked by the dreadful vision he has dared to evoke. This capacity to be shocked by his own performance he naturally passes on to his audience. An audience is a crowd of people whose collective intelligence, like the march of an army, is determined by its weakest member. It has therefore never seen anything for itself, and is too stupid to be shocked off its own bat. It is therefore quite easily mesmerised. It agrees to be shocked by what Mr. Shaw clearly imagines to be shocking. Here is the whole mystery explained. Just because Mr. Shaw is too refined to endure the things he so clearly sees—in a word, just because Mr. Shaw simply hasn't it in him to be shocking—therefore he is shocked; and, communicating the atmosphere of shock to his audiences, gets the reputation of being a shocking person. We finally arrive at the extraordinary position of the whole town pretending that it has been outraged by the employment on Mr. Shaw's stage of a word which has for long been included in the polite vocabulary of the upper, lower and middle classes. Mr. Shaw, who has the nicest literary manners and the most fastidious literary deportment of any of our modern dramatists, figures in the public eye as a literary ragamuffin.

The popular notion that Mr. Shaw is a hardened observer of ugly facts who deliberately tries to shock his audiences into a sense of reality is one of the most amazing instances I have yet encountered of how contemporaries can be deceived in a man. Suppose, for a moment, that Mr. Shaw had really looked at the flower-girl in "Pygmalion" from the point of view of a burning realist after the brutal truth, quite regardless of the foolish susceptibilities of really nice people. Suppose the Censor had gone to sleep while he was looking at the MS., dreamed that it was suitable for performance at His Majesty's Theatre, and licensed it under the impression that he really knew what it was all about. Then suppose that Mrs. Patrick Campbell could have brought herself to utter the things which young women in the East End really do utter in moments of excitement. It would have been a case for the police, and Mr. Shaw would not again have found a manager or an audience. Fortunately for this generation, which hears his plays, and unfortunately for the next, which will forget them, Mr. Shaw has neither the impulse nor the ability to look at flower-girls in order that he may see them as they really are and exhibit them in his plays as Shakespeare exhibited Doll Tearsheet or as Zola exhibited Nana. Mr. Shaw simply appreciates the comparatively playful and innocent side of his flower-girls; and this playful and innocent side is just shocking enough to do his business with an audience which desires to feel wicked without any real excuse or justification. Let my readers go carefully through even those plays of Mr. Shaw which he himself has labelled as unpleasant. They will discover that Mr. Shaw has never been really shocking in a first-hand and original manner. He has never shocked a contemporary manager from wanting to produce his plays, or the contemporary public from wanting to see them, or a contemporary player from wanting to appear in them. The only person he has

ever succeeded in really shocking is the Censor. This will be Mr. Shaw's epitaph as a dramatist. Over the tomb of G. B. S. we shall write: "He shocked the Censor". It would take many more articles to exhaust the full implication of this; and I shall return to the subject again. Meantime it will be noticed that I have nowhere set down the swear-word which is the real subject of this inquiry; nor would I dream of doing so. It is much too ladylike.

Talking of the Censor I have again tried to discover merit in the "Damaged Goods" of M. Brieux—I mean, of course, dramatic and imaginative merit. Of its educational merit there was never the smallest doubt. It is as necessary as the alphabet, and a great deal more necessary than Euclid or Greek. But I have got to discover that "Les Avariés" is the play Mr. Shaw proclaims it to be; though I have at last seen it competently performed. Some time ago I related how Mrs. George Baxter of the Authors' Producing Society made up her mind that the London public should have full opportunity of measuring the stupidity and stuffiness of our English censorship; and I also related how devotedly she had given to this task all her enthusiasm and energy. Mrs. Baxter has at last become her own producer, and the result on Thursday was brilliant and entirely satisfying. If this were the beginning of an article instead of being the extreme end I might conceivably do justice to the difference in competence and vitality between Thursday's production and the first performance on which my late article was founded. Thursday's performance has made no difference in my opinion of M. Brieux as a dramatist; but it has added to my small list of really adequate producers a name which I am particularly happy to include. I am the more happy to be able, briefly, to admire Mrs. Baxter's work because her enterprise has first to last been scandalously neglected by the Press. Herein we see the difference between a moral fanatic like M. Brieux and an agreeable dramatist like Mr. Shaw. Mr. Shaw is never neglected by the Press. He is the best copy in the world. But, as we have seen, Mr. Shaw is never really unpleasant. M. Brieux, to give him the due of his sincerity, has no happy knack of sparing our nerves. Therefore he is in England deprived even of a *succès de scandale*. In England only a person who is never really scandalous can be successful as a scandal.

#### THE GLORY OF MRS. O'REA.

BY JANE BARLOW.

OLD Mrs. O'Rea might four times out of five be met somewhere in the short lane skirting the substantial boundaries of a large demesne on one hand, and on the other the flimsy and ineffectual fences of her own small property. Its size may be inferred from the fact that the ownership of it did not preclude her and her husband from receiving the full amount of the Old Age Pension, for which they had both indeed been qualified several struggling years before "there was any talk of any such a thing". "And proud I was, me dear", she would say when reverting to the event, "to have the feel in one's hand of a bit of silver of me own; for unless of an odd while, when we would be after selling a pig, never a penny I had in life. Set up I was altogether." Yet it must not be supposed that this was her triumphant day. That had dawned generations earlier, while she was still at service as kitchen-maid with a neighbouring family, and through three-score years, and probably more, it kept its place as the date of her proudest moment.

Generally Mrs. O'Rea was discovered ostentatiously in pursuit of some straying domestic animal, conventionally assumed to have escaped from its lawful precincts, though in fact the trespass had been connived at, if not instigated, by its proprietor, especially in seasons when scantiness of green food had made way-side grazing a profitable crime. But her malpractices never deprived her of leisure for conversation with a passing acquaintance, and that conversation almost always turned on: the old times. She was wont to

introduce her subject by the sudden discovery of striking and astonishing family likenesses in the person to whom she addressed her monologue. Many were these, and they varied from meeting to meeting, but in all cases they provided an easy transition to whatever incident she desired to recall. "Goodness preserve you, child dear, but you're the born image this minute of poor Miss Alice. Well now, it seems to me no great while to speak of since she would be—" and so forth. Whereupon followed smoothly: "That would be about the time of the big dinner-party".

At the mere thought of this entertainment Mrs. O'Rea's head oscillated with solemnity. Her wear was always a spacious black cap, peaked in front, with large round rosettes of brown lute-string ribbon bunched over the ears, and loose streamers to match. The original model had been a housekeeper's head-dress, long ago respectfully admired. No apology seemed to Mrs. O'Rea needed for giving an indefinitely numbered recital of her experiences during the great emergency. "'Deed, then it was me own work I had cut out for me! Did ever anything happen so crooked? All that company, and some of it strange company, coming to dinner, and we short-handed enough already, the housekeeper and the under-housemaid being laid up with heavy colds—and nothing would suit Mrs. Grehan, the cook, but to start drinking whisky, saving your presence, me dear, before breakfast in the morning. Anne Byrne and the butler was of the opinion she might pull up and set to work in the afternoon, but well and better I knew how 'twould be. And sure enough, ne'er a hand's turn would she do herself, or let anybody else do, and the end of it was we had to send word upstairs of the quare way things were going on.

"So down to the kitchen come poor Miss Alice, and there was Mrs. Grehan sitting squatted on a chair before the fire, with no more sinse or manners than a stuck pig. 'Well, Mrs. Grehan', says Miss Alice, that was as quiet a lady as ever you seen, 'I hope that you are getting everything ready'.

"'There's the soup, ma'am', says Mrs. Grehan, flourishing her arm at the table, 'and there's the fish'. And to be sure there she had an ould tureen stood, with the tail cocking over the edge of a big turbot she was after stuffing in head-foremost, and pouring the full of a pan of cream over it.

"'What are we to do, Bridget?' says poor Miss Alice to me. 'I must go and speak to the master', and off she went with herself. 'Och, Bridget', says Mrs. Grehan to me, getting a notion there was something amiss with her, 'just bid some of the lads be giving me and me chair a heft out into the yard for a bit. The fresh air might do me good', says she 'and at all events I'd be out of the way'. So with that I run and got the two Ryans in the stable-yard, and chair and all they dumped her down at the scullery door outside. I'll give you me word, hand she stirred nor foot, the crathur, the whole of the evening, till they got her up to bed."

"But there was I left, me dear child, with every atom of the dinner to manage by meself the best way I could. Belike now you may have heard talk of the cook out of Grangefield, Mr. Hill-Vane's place, coming over to help, for that's the story some people put about; but believe you me, meddling and getting under me feet was all the help she gave; poor Micky Flynn, the garden-boy, was a dale handier. And the rest of them was all willing to lend me their assistance, I'll say that for them; but sure what knowledge had they of any description of cooking, let alone dinner-parties? Howsome'er, by good luck if nought better, ready I had the whole of it for them to be sitting down to no more than a quarter of an hour late. Thinking I'd been to get a sight of them going through the hall, but when the time come ne'er a foot could I quit me kitchen, and me dishing-up, not for the half of a minute. Thirty-three of them there was in it, and eleven of them I understand was Lords. And every one of them said it was the finest dinner they ever ate in their lives. And so the next morning the ould master himself come downstairs, and says he to me: 'Biddy, me child', says he,



for 'me child' was what he called me ever, 'A super-excellent dinner you served up to us last night, and gave entire satisfaction'. So, 'Thank your Honour kindly, sir', says I to him, for what else could I do? And then: 'A credit to you it was, me child', says he, putting a golden sovereign into me hand, 'and proud of you the parish had a right to be'."

Here Mrs. O'Rea's story reached its culminating point of grandeur, whence it could but decline into a miscellany of less shining memories, to dwell on which were something of an anticlimax. In its form as now related it had also apparently attained to its highest stage of development, a process which had been rather slow. For during several years the gradual evolving of exaggeration in all its details might have supplied materials for a curious little psychological study. At first it had ended, for instance, with the gift of half-a-crown, and its other features had been drawn on a proportionately modest scale. Only by degrees it had swelled to a whole sovereign and nearly a dozen peers of the realm. There its growth seemingly had stopped, checked perhaps by the limits of Mrs. O'Rea's imaginative powers, or perhaps because her capacity for self-deception could no further go. Already, indeed, she had far transcended the bounds of credibility for anyone sufficiently acquainted with an outline of the circumstances to recognise the impossibility of "thirty-three sitting down", save under Black Hole of Calcutta conditions, in that dining-room, as well as the extreme improbability of its walls ever having enclosed "eleven lords", even each in his separate singleness, not to say collectively. These evidences of a progressive invention hardly require strengthening by the certainly incongruous utterances attributed to the old master and his guests.

But Mrs. O'Rea's convictions were undoubtedly unshaken and sincere, and as undoubtedly a source to her of real pleasure, a fact which hints that seeing what is not in the past sometimes co-operates with not seeing what is in the future for the promotion of our happiness in the present. Such a state might scientifically be described as one of positive and negative hallucination—"a learned man would give it an ugly name". Be this as it may, we can at least hope that the old woman, who is met no longer in any of our lanes, has wandered on to where she finds things more to her mind, with less need for what another "learned man" calls "imaginings as we would".

#### BIRDS AND FISHERS.

**W**ATER is the eye of a landscape, as Sir Edward Grey says in a fishing book; and for all the rich beauty of the Thames Valley, that "deep, dumb river flowing by beyond the heavy trees" seems a little lacking in expression to those acquainted with more passionate streams. But you have in the South of England, and especially in spring time, other landscapes with other waters which seem the very haunt of Naiads. Such rivers Milton must have seen before he saw them only in blind vision; to them Sabrina belongs, and they to Sabrina; and, watching their glassy, dimpled flow, swirling even where it is smoothest, and translucent even where it breaks and plunges, a man might grow half-unfaithful to Shannon, Suir and Blackwater, and to the smaller rivers, better loved, whose rocky pools are held in remembrance.

I walked out from Romsey along half a mile of flat, dusty road, eager to revive the enchantment which caught me when I first saw from the bridge that broad, rippling flow, so deceptive in its look of shallowness. There is a mill-lead there, and a footpath took me between water and water, scanning the surface for any sign of rising fish. Sign there was none, nor on the broad, deep reach beyond Timsbury Bridge: in the hard, dry air of that bright day no fly was hatching, though the sun had strength, and as I walked up along my host's water the balsam of the poplars gave out warm, resinous fragrance. That, and the feel of moist

ground under my feet, was what brought to me the sense of being, after six months, back into the life of real country. The grassy track which led up from the fishing hut to the house some half-mile distant was bordered by a coppice. Part of it had been cut, and where rods and stakes lay bundled together in purple brown masses, all that open space was a living joy of bluebells and primroses—so thick that the faint, sweet scent of them came to me as I walked. A little further, in a low oak tree, a nightingale broke into song with deep full notes, easily distinguished even in that lovely chorus.

That is where the Test Valley far outdoes all Irish riversides—all riversides known to me. Thrush and blackbird, of course, chaffinch, all the tits—these you may hear anywhere in spring, but not the nightingale nor the blackcap, nor all that babble and chuckle of the little brown sedge-haunters that I have not skill to put names to. Yet by the Test, over and above all these, there are the green plover, wheeling and wailing; and intimidating intruders with the loud winnowing of their wings, and in far-off regions of the air the drumming snipe may be heard. You can see them, sometimes two or three together—swift wings beating up in an ecstasy, then swooping down, and after the swoop there reaches you through the slower medium of sound that queer bleating. Never anywhere else have I watched them to such advantage as in the corner of water meadow near Timsbury Bridge, enclosed between road and river. From across the stream where I was fishing I could see the exquisite poise with which the bird, shooting down from a height, checks itself for the fraction of a second, with wings raised like a butterfly's, and head and bill thrown back, so that the slender legs and claws outstretched take the ground without a shock on lighting. Who that has eyes to see can tire in such a country? And where there are birds in spring there is the old miracle of their nesting to be looked at. As I went down the bank before breakfast, a dab-chick's egg lay white and conspicuous on its pad of roughly woven weeds and grasses, floating in a little bay. Three hours later the nest was still there, but no egg to be seen—till one pulled aside the plaster of weed on top, and saw how not one egg but two were closely and neatly covered.

As for the fishing, perhaps if it had been better I should have seen fewer nests. Fly was very scarce, rises of fish few and half-hearted, and previous experience made me well content to leave the pursuit of them to a more industrious companion. The Test is the only stream where I had as soon watch others fish as fish myself; these trout are too hard for me. But I was told that in the previous week four salmon had been killed on the water, and it seemed at least a good occasion to learn to work a prawn. In that bright sun and easterly wind I should have despaired of rising a fish in the swiftest stream with the finest tackle; and here was a trace of treble gut with three great leads which no skill—and I had none—could keep from splashing. However, down stream I went, fishing where I was bid, tangling my line in roots and branches, and tiring myself with the unaccustomed action, till suddenly, in a stretch of shining, unrippled crystal water I felt a fish strike, and in a very few minutes he was gaffed—only a ten-pounder, the smallest fish of the season. But next day, when we went down after breakfast, the old keeper said he would be with us in ten minutes. He may have made it twenty, but when he arrived we had already a salmon, and a good one at that. It was not for us to admit elation; we let him come upon it unexpectedly, and were rewarded by almost the only praise recorded from this laconic person. "Well", he was surprised into saying, "you'm made a noble start". However, he soon reasserted himself. As he produced scales from a pocket I said, "Twenty pounds". "He ain't near so much as that", was the grumbling answer. The scale showed nineteen and a half: "I thought he wouldn't make twenty", was the only comment.

Of course we got no more that day; but still, two spring fish in two days is not bad anywhere; and of all fishermen the most surprising are the anglers on the



Test. It is the only stream I ever heard of where salmon are not welcome. How precisely the law stands I know not; but this second fish was marked on the side with a deep indented bruise three inches long; there was no mistaking the trace of a mill wheel's paddle; and in any other salmon river a way must be kept for the running fish. On the Test, which flows almost at the same level in all weathers, the difficulty is less than elsewhere; but it seems that Hampshire anglers have a superstition that salmon and trout cannot live together. If they went to Killaloe on the Shannon, to Ballyshannon on the Erne, to Kilrea on the Bann, they would find trout big and plenty, and salmon plenty too; and the bay at Oughterard where you will get most trout is also the part of Corrib where you will get most salmon. In the length and breadth of Ireland I never heard a whisper of disagreement between the two races of salmonidæ; but then Ireland is a peaceable country. At all events, of all waters in the world the Test is the one where I should be most prone to encourage the combination. On our two days, not one trout was killed either on our water or on the famous stretch above us, for the excellent reason that no trout were rising. Surely it is well to have the alternative, however you despise what one indignant angler described to me as "a stinking prawn" (I saw him later the same day fishing with the fellow to it). Where there are trout so morose and salmon so confiding, I would at least see that one hatch in the mill dam was kept open in order to let the angler have his second and on many days his only chance. Even though he may despair of trout, he will wander more happily among marsh-marigold and cuckoo-flower, past the young green of hazel and beech and the silvery sheen of poplar, if now and then his own luck or someone else's maintains the hope of a shapely fifteen or twenty pounder brought safely to the gaff within seventy miles of London.

LEMON GREY.

#### BLIND.

Where have you gone, my Earth?—  
With your blossom and fruit and your dew-bright  
lands,  
Your dancing woods where the trees take hands,  
And your glad green dells where the sprites make  
mirth—

Where have you gone, my Earth?

Where have you gone, my Sky?—  
With your mountainous worlds where the winds are  
born,  
Your guiding lamps, your beacon of morn,  
And your under-space where the birds swing by—  
Where have you gone, my Sky?

Where have you gone, my Sea?—  
With your silver and gold and your veils of blue,  
Your vibrant ships with their sails flame-hue,  
And the pearl-white fringe where your waves get free—  
Where have you gone, my Sea?

Where have you gone, my Flower?—  
With your love-warm eyes, and your glistening hair,  
The rose in your cheek the breeze brought there,  
And your laughing lips where you held youth's power—  
O where have you gone, my Flower?

GEORGETTE AGNEW.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE CANTEENS CASE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In view of the distinction in moral turpitude drawn by the learned Judge who sentenced the guilty parties in the Canteens case concluded on Wednesday at the Old Bailey, in which he imposed a term of imprisonment upon only one of them—namely, Colonel Whitaker—on the ground mainly that his position should have taught him better, may we not fairly ask that the custom of dubbing those petty or non-commissioned officers who have risen from the ranks—whose lower position in the social scale the Judge

appeared to think might not have such weight in preventing them from yielding to temptation—as "honorary lieutenants" or "honorary captains" be discontinued? I presume these gentlemen do not usually go about styling themselves "honorary", and it is as well after this case that there should not be two classes of "officers and gentlemen". It is a bad sign for the British Army if it cannot afford to dispense with these adjuncts of military titles in attracting the proper class of men to its service, whether in the medical or any other department.

Further, I fail to see the justice of merely fining the real culprits—the agents provocateurs—who tempt these often very poorly paid servants of the Crown—the "commercial gentlemen". Their fines can be easily paid by the firms who employ them and who make large profits out of the soldiers, whilst imprisonment is meted out only to the victim.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
AN EX-SERVANT OF THE CROWN.

#### THE MEANING OF HOME RULE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 May 1914.

SIR,—The Welsh Disestablishment Bill means robbery; but the Home Rule Bill means revolution, and the Unionist Party must fight it to the last ditch. If they do, they will conquer; but there must be no parleying with the enemy. Fainthearts tell us that we must cry, "Quarter!"—if not for ourselves, at least for Ulster. But there is no more use in crying "Quarter!" than in crying "Peace", when there is no peace. And Ulster wants no quarter; it wants right and justice. And from our enemies neither will be forthcoming except at the point of the sword.

I speak, of course, metaphorically, for no one hates the thought of civil war or of the shedding of blood more than I do. But I know that there was never a truer maxim than this: "Si vis pacem, para bellum". So let the Unionist Party do as Ulster does, and stand to their arms.

They have everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by a policy of continued and determined opposition. Let us consider the facts of the situation and the positions of both parties. The Liberals say they want Home Rule because it will bring peace and "better government" to Ireland. But they now know that the Home Rule Bill, as it stands, will bring not peace but civil war to that unfortunate country; and that the Prime Minister has accordingly been forced to pledge the Government to an amending Bill in order to avert that last calamity.

Yet the bulk of the Liberal Party seems still determined to refuse the unconditional exclusion of Ulster—without which, or the withdrawal of the Bill, civil war is certain—and a considerable section goes even further, and desires that the Bill, as it stands, shall be forthwith placed upon the Statute Book and all "concessions" withdrawn! Verily, "Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat".

The Unionists, on the other hand, want the Union; yet, as the price of peace, they are prepared to accept the unconditional exclusion of Ulster. But when the price is paid, what guarantee have they that "the goods will be delivered"? And, in any event, what will meantime have become of the Union?

The Unionist leaders should refuse to move a finger to help this reckless and unscrupulous Government. They stand for the Union because they believe it to be the best for Ireland and best for the Empire, and they can be no party to any compromise which, however plausible, involves any surrender of Unionist principles. The only course for Unionists now is surely a plain, straightforward one. Why should not the Unionist leaders say boldly to Mr. Asquith:

"Our position is clear. We believe that (1) the Union is essential, as Pitt said, to the safety of England and to the prosperity of Ireland. These islands are too small, and the seas between too narrow, to admit any Executive Government but that of a single central Parliament. (2) The country has given no mandate for Home Rule, still less for any 'exclusion of Ulster'.

"We therefore stand and mean to fight for the Union and nothing but the Union. We can take no responsibility either for the Home Rule Bill or for any amending Bill which recognises an Irish Parliament with an Executive responsible to it.

"The present crisis is your work. Alone you did it; and now, alone, you must and can undo it. The onus of averting civil war is not on us, but on you; and you can avert it at any moment you please by simply saying to Mr. Redmond, who is pledged against any permanent exclusion of Ulster: 'We have done our best; we can do no more. Ulster will not have Home Rule; you will not and cannot have Home Rule without her. We cannot and will not face civil war to compel her to come in. We must withdraw the Bill and start afresh; and it is now "up to you" to conciliate Ulster?'"

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
AN IRISH UNIONIST.

#### MR. LLOYD GEORGE AT IPSWICH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.  
Westcliff Lodge, Bournemouth W.,

25 May 1914.

SIR,—Is there such a thing as bribery and corruption at elections, or not? If there is, had the Liberal candidate been returned there can be little doubt he could have been unseated on petition. This is what Mr. Lloyd George said, in recommending Mr. Masterman to the electorate: "I will tell you another remarkable thing. We have raised very considerable sums of money by means of taxation. Ipswich is getting a great share of it in pensions. Ipswich is getting £21,400 per annum. I think you have got out of the Insurance Act £35,000 per annum. Out of this latest Budget you will get between £14,000 and £15,000 a year more." Then again, in the course of his speech, he suggested that the result of the election would show how the people had risen against the presumption of the aristocracy to bully the House of the People, and foment civil war, in order to flout their authority—or some such nonsense as that. But it must now be dawning on him, as it has long dawned on most of the electors—Ipswich has now confirmed it—that the electorate, who now know Mr. Lloyd George (and the sterility of his promises for a heaven on earth, through the simple process of paying ninepence for fourpence), greatly prefer to be under even an aristocratic Government—words without any meaning in these days—than to be under the network of bureaucracy which he and his Government are trying to set up in this country. Here the Englishman will completely lose any vestige of freedom, and be told by Government inquisitors and officials what time they are to breakfast and dine and sleep. No; if the electorate desire freedom they must—as I firmly believe they are about to do—relegate this miserable and corrupt Government into oblivion. The whole country will sigh with relief, and the Irish question can then be settled finally by those who know what Ireland—not the American Fenians—really want.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
DUDLEY S. A. COSBY.

#### POLITICS AND THE PEOPLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.  
14, Cockspur Street, S.W.

SIR,—The saying, generally attributed to Abraham Lincoln, about one's inability to "fool all the people all the time" suggests the question: Why should one want to fool any of the people any of the time? The cynic will answer that otherwise politics would be impossible. It may be true that the occupation of the politician as we know him to-day would be gone if he ceased to practise upon the credulity of the multitude; but would that be matter for regret—except, of course, to the politician himself?

We are all, or nearly all, professed democrats in these days; we talk much of "Government of the people, by the people, for the people"; and yet we dare not tell the people the truth. When we find one of our two great political

parties existing mainly by suggestio falsi, and the other largely by suppressio veri, it is evident that there is something rotten in the state of England. We shall never have a sound—a healthy—country until we find a political party that will have the courage to deal honestly with the people, and to tell them not what it thinks they would like to hear but what they ought to hear, and must hear, if we are to keep our great place among the nations.

There is a great future for the party that will dare to do that, for the electors of this country—mirabile dictu!—are neither knaves nor fools. For the most part they are honest, level-headed men, who only need to be shown the right path to take it. If the Unionist Party could develop a backbone, restore its emasculated fiscal policy, and add to that a sound policy of Imperial defence, including, of course, compulsory military service, it would find itself, after the next General Election, in possession of the most glorious opportunity ever given to man of doing service to the cause of humanity.

As it is, we may get a working majority, but we shall do nothing with it—nothing, that is, compared with what we might have done had we had the pluck to tell the truth and shame the—Coalition.

Yours faithfully,  
GEO. M. GILES.

#### THE FRIENDS AND NATIONAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.  
Gray Rigg, Lilliput, Dorset.

SIR,—I see that the Quakers hesitate to accept "national service". Everyone must admire their noble creed (as everyone must hope that wars will cease some day in a federation of the world), but I venture to think that their fear of "militarism" is unfounded, and that national service would not only make for peace, on the principle of "Si vis pacem, para bellum"—for bellicose neighbours hesitate to quarrel with a strong nation—but also that it would actually prove a factor *against* war. For as every voter would have someone near and dear to him in the army he would naturally bring all his influence to bear on the side of peace.

In my advocacy of national service, not only as a duty to defend one's country, but also on account of its educational value in teaching every boy the lessons of duty, cleanliness, obedience, I am not blind to the splendid work of my son-in-law in his "Boy Scout" movement. I look on it as of national importance, and trust he may obtain sufficient funds to get to the slums. The value of national service lies in the fact that it would compel all those who lack civic enthusiasm to come in.

I fear this "government by doles" tends to emasculate the nation. It leads people not to ask, "What can I do for my country?" but "What can I get out of my country?" The politician "out for votes" rants to the people about their "rights", but never of their "duties"; he discourages the thrifty and the worker by his pandering to the unthrifty and the shirker; and we see, as result, many "loafers", who would, under national service, have been led to a more strenuous life before they drifted into the class of "unemployables".

England's handicap to-day is not *unemployment*—though recent legislation must increase it—but *unemployables*.

Yours truly,  
H. SOAMES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.  
5, Sunny Bank, Evesham,  
22 May 1914.

SIR,—One would gather from Mr. Townroe's letter in your last week's issue that the Society of Friends, taken as a whole, regards the bearing of arms as an open question. It would be indeed lamentable if this were so, after testifying for 250 years that all war is incompatible with the teaching of Christ. If Mr. Townroe attended one of our meetings for worship for twelve months he would, during that period, hear certain queries read by a member of the meeting, and among them the following: "Are you faithful

in maintaining our Christian testimony against all war as inconsistent with the precepts and spirit of the Gospel?" He would then understand that "the less far-seeing men in our movement" would be laid under no necessity "to try to stampede the whole Society into thoughtless opposition to national service", for I trust, notwithstanding the defection of some of our members, it may still be said that a Quaker is synonymous with a man that will on no account fight.

As to the National Service League, which Mr. Townroe so warmly defends, that organisation stands condemned on its methods alone. Its supporters are continually putting forward the easiness of the training, the slight service demanded by the proposals of the League; but they give no hint—not the least—of possible future expansion, although it is abundantly evident that we have every reason to fear what the final outcome will be if military training, whatever the nature, the period however short, is made compulsory in our country. Lord Roberts himself reveals this clearly in a statement at the farewell luncheon at Glasgow, 7 May last year, at the conclusion of his campaign, when he said: "Discipline could not be taken in homœopathic doses. . . . They were not bound to the four months' period, and the only thing they wanted was that the Government should accept the principle."

The principle of compulsion once granted, the road lies open; the silken thong of the system first, its iron fetters last.

Yours faithfully,  
CHARLES EDWARDS GREGORY.

#### SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

111, Montagu Mansions, Portman Square, W.,  
23 May 1914.

SIR,—In "The Key of the Cabinet of the Cavagliere Giuseppe Francesco Borri of Milan", published in Cologne in 1681 by Pietro del Martello, in the "Letter to a Philosopher of Padue", are these words: "Nothing is more wonderful than the actions of Bees, since first they make a King to whom they all pay court, to whom they show an excessive respect". The book contains accounts of marvels, and, I believe, reflects the ideas current at that time amongst educated people in regard to animals, drugs, legends, spirits, etc.

There is a copy in the British Museum Library in Italian ("La Chiava del Gabinetto"), but my translation thereof has not been published.

Yours truly,  
A. E. F. HORNIMAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 May 1914.

SIR,—When Mr. Watts-Dunton writes that "the most delightful way of enjoying Shakespeare's plays is not to see them acted" the statement obviously needs qualifying, because the way that may be the most delightful for Mr. Watts-Dunton to choose may not be the best way for everyone. Besides, since the printed playbook is not in itself a complete play, the reader will find less or more in the context to understand and appreciate, according to the amount of his individual knowledge and stage experience. The notion, too, that Shakespeare's plays should be read in the open air seems to suggest that Mr. Watts-Dunton is attracted to the dramatist by his poetry, perhaps, more than by his drama, although but a fraction of his poetry is pastoral in character. But it is difficult to realise why "Macbeth" or "Othello" should gain in beauty or intensity by being read out of doors.

Again, does not the author of the article "Shakespeare Himself" use a misleading title? What evidence has he produced to show that the sentiments which appeal so strongly to his own political faith are the playwright's and not those of the character who utters them? If they are Shakespeare's, then we are forced to admit that although

he may be a great poet he can hardly be regarded as the "king of dramatists"!

Yours faithfully,  
WILLIAM POEL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Woking,

23 May 1914.

SIR,—Mr. Watts-Dunton is, of course, perfectly right in what he says about Shakespeare being rightly read out-of-doors. Readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be interested, however, to know that the greatest writer on the out-of-door, the open-air life, who has ever been in England—namely, Richard Jefferies—carried a Shakespeare with him when he went into the fields and woods, but did not read it there.

"Sometimes I went forth to the nooks in the deep meadows by the hazel mounds, and sometimes I parted the ash-tree wands. In my waistcoat pocket I had a little red book made square; I never read it out-of-doors, but I always carried it in my pocket till it was frayed and the binding broken; the smallest of red books, but very much therein—the poems and sonnets of Mr. William Shakespeare. Some books are alive. This book I have still, it cannot die; the ash copses are cut, and the hazel mounds destroyed."

But apparently Jefferies could not read at all in the open air; for he tells us somewhere, I think, that sunlight puts out print even as it puts out the fire. Otherwise no book so good as Shakespeare in the fields and commons of this land in May!

Yours faithfully,  
A WANDERER.

#### THE NIGHTINGALE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 May 1914.

SIR,—There are two or three mysteries about the nightingale in this country which are worth clearing up. (1) Does the male bird ever sing after the hatching of the eggs? Has a wild nightingale ever been heard singing in England so late as July? I have never myself heard one after about the close of the second week in June, though a friend has reported to me one singing so late as the close—almost—of the third week.

(2) What is the reason for the shortness of the season of nightingale song? Why do not unmated nightingales sing on into July as blackcaps, garden warblers, whitethroats and lesser whitethroats, willow warblers and chiffchaffs frequently do?

(3) Does the nightingale mask her nest *intentionally* by choosing materials that match its environment? It is certain that the materials—mostly dead oak leaves and maple leaves—do match the environment of the nest, sometimes quite perfectly where the nest is laid on open ground in high underwoods.

Yours faithfully,  
A SOUTHERNER.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS CUCKOO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Llanmadoc, Reynoldston, South Wales,

24 May 1914.

SIR,—Is it known whether the cuckoo returns yearly to the same district? In this village this year there are apparently only two cuckoos (audible, I mean) frequenting their respective groups of trees. One of them was undoubtedly here last spring, being easily identified by *not* using "the word in that minor third, there is none but the cuckoo knows"—she prefers a fifth!

In a neighbouring village another friend of last year was recognised by her curious "crack" or break on the lower note. This bird does not appear to have a companion, no other cuckoo being *heard* in that particular locality. Query, do both birds sing, or is one a silent partner? If so, which?

Yours faithfully,  
A. E. LENOX.



## VILLAGE WORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Clophill House, Clophill, Amphill,

12 May 1914.

SIR,—When I was living on the borders of Suffolk and Essex two or three years ago I made these few notes of curious and old-fashioned words and expressions that the men, both old and young, who worked for me used at various times. Some of them are rather interesting survivals; others, no doubt, corruptions:—

"Buds", young cattle; "dotty", small; "dow", wood-pigeon; "hull", to throw away—e.g., "hull it away"; "bush", thorn—e.g., "I have a bush in my finger"; "mobbed", scolded—e.g., "she mobbed me about it"; "dodman", a snail—the slowest horse on a farm is generally called "dodman"; "rafty", wet and misty—e.g., "it's a rafty old morning"; "cop", to throw up, "cop it up"; "tempest", thunderstorm; "blare", to bellow; "dag", dew; "imitate", to attempt—"I imitated to do it"; "anser", a heron; "master, masterous", huge, big, great; "smirr", to rain slightly; "noteless", stupid—e.g., "boy, you fare right noteless"; "sere", dry, withered; "hoard", a heap, or collection of anything; "fleet", shallow, also used of ditches on the marshes; "largesse", "bounty", such as extra money at harvest time; "mawther", a girl, or woman—used generally in contempt; "four-a-leete", cross roads, where four roads meet; "snew" or "snewed", used as past of the verb to snow; "hummer", to neigh, of horses; "to fare", to seem—"we fare to have"; "to happen", to meet—e.g., "we happened along of a little accident"; "list", sharp, quick—e.g., "list o' hearing"; "sensible", understanding—e.g., "can't I make you sensible?"—i.e., "can't I make you understand?"; "dinging", spitting with rain; "prating", making a foolish noise—e.g., "listen to that little old hen prating"; "housen", the plural of house; "brakes", bracken, fern; "sneer", to contort one's face with pain—e.g., "I pinched my finger, and it fairly made me sneer"; "slivers", splinters; "mischieful", mischievous; "earth shock", earthquake; "mavis", thrush; "briars", horse flies; "daunt", intimidate—e.g., "the cow daunted him with her head"; "crone", an aged ewe; "deave", to scoop up; "buskings", leggings; "gotightley", plenty of it, heaps, a great quantity; "betimes", early; "cart racks", wheel ruts; "pummied", pulped, knocked to a jelly; "peek", to peep; "himp" or "hemp", to limp; "kittle", to tickle; "kittlish", ticklish; "palmed", smeared; "gatless", reckless; "enow", enough; "wafty", crooked, split—e.g., a wafty board, or piece of wood; "head", in the sense of exceedingly, or very, as a "head old man" or a "head great rat"; "tod", to shear, or lop off, as in pollarding a tree; "duck-hearted", faint- or chicken-hearted; "busking", of a bird preening her feathers, etc.; "burry", a burrow—e.g., "a rabbit's burry"; "to walk tilted", used of an old man walking bent double; "clung", used of damp, wet land; "hard o' hearing", deaf; "sadly", used of one's state of health—"she's but sadly"—i.e., she is not feeling well; "tewley", off colour, not up to the mark.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

F. HARGREAVES SMITH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

La Salle, Illinois, U.S.

SIR,—Assuming that the march of intellect during more than three decades has not fully drilled the old as well as the young into keeping step with the schoolmaster, I think "A Word Student" may find "thik", "thikky", and "want" still in use in the nine hundreds of Cornwall, between Land's End and Tamar. "Thikky", however, is—or was in the good old days—usually combined with "theer" (there) to make what one might term a reinforced demonstrative: "thikky theer", this or that particular person or thing now present (*hic*—*hicce*). I can with difficulty imagine a rural Cornish swain, to the manor born, alluding to a "want-heave" as a molehill; but "damnosa quid non imminuit dies?"

Yours faithfully,

M. C. O'B.

## REVIEWS.

## OUR POET OF FAERYLAND.

"Edmund Spenser and the Impersonations of Francis Bacon." By Edward George Harman. Constable. 16s. net.

IF a fine humorist were to ask one for an example of literary pathos one might do worse than quote the incensed Spenser's apostrophe to Time:—

"O cursed Eld! the cankerworme of writs."

For Time has not respected even the poet's anger; he has left it not only archaic, but faintly comical, tempting the impecunious to say that writs are not improper food for worms. But what would please the humorist better than the curious twinkling felicity of that line as it now appeals to us is the fact that both Spenser's and Chaucer's poetry lives all the more securely because it is the utterance of souls unlike those that sing in an age where the sense of humour and the dread of impropriety create a chronic chilliness in the atmosphere of art. It is the tendency of civilisation to accept as bread words that proceed from other mouths than God's, and it is well that fancy and romance should have representatives as dignified as ethicists and reformers.

Time and fame have given both Spenser and his beloved "Tityrus" (Chaucer) the dignity and prestige which genius unaided would not have conferred upon them; but whereas Chaucer's work is for the common ear so obscured by archaism that reading it resembles construing, Spenser's, notwithstanding a profusion of obsolete words and pronunciations, is easy to read, for his thought's vehicle is essentially the English language of to-day. Yet Spenser's work is deplorably neglected by the average reader. Why? It is not the fault of his editors. Thanks to them he can be read more easily than a kailyard novel or the most exciting case in an English medical journal. The fault is the average person's instinctive dislike of poetry, a dislike which is due to the fact that all voluminous poets excessively appreciate the conventional patterns into which they arrange words and underrate the importance of the non-acoustic elements of verse. Hence the trepidation with which even lovers of verse approach long narrative poems, especially such as are metrical paraphrases of esteemed prose: they dread the "grangerising" influence of tyrannical rhyme; they abhor the automatic offences of metre against charm and naturalness. They instinctively recoil from the pleasure of reading "The Faerie Queene", a moral allegory in 35,000 lines "or thereby".

Deeply such persons err, as may be gathered even by the readers of Mr. Harman's perversely industrious volume (engaged in whittling down Spenser and others to add to the bulk of Francis Bacon); for the fanciful literature of knight-errantry contains only one work more fascinating than "The Faerie Queene", and that work is Malory's versions of the Arthurian legends. Allegory determines, as Mr. Harman shows in the more reasonable part of his learned but unconvincing book, that "The Faerie Queene" shall have the extrinsic interest of a roman à clef: one may view Elizabeth as Amoret and Britomart, Mary Queen of Scots as Duessa, Leicester and Essex as Artegall (Britomart's lover), Raleigh as Scudamour (Amoret's lover); and, if one has Mr. Harman's taste in romance, the poem will be "hard reading" without its key. But the present writer considers that the extrinsic interest of Spenser's poem is infinitesimal compared with its intrinsic interest: it is a veritable land of romance, where it is well to forget historic reality, even if one loses thereby the proper food of ironists—the difference between the real and the ideal. While admitting that Ariosto exercises a fascination comparable to Spenser's, admitting that the Italian epic poets gave Spenser models or hints for his masterpiece, the fact remains that "The Faerie Queene" reigns alone in our literature—a triumphant

vindication of the power of fancy to establish the incredible among the beliefs of the human heart. To enumerate the beauties of the poem would be a vain labour, yet one may remark that Britomart is at this particular time a character well worth æsthetic study. She is a very attractive representation of the woman disguised by militancy. She is essentially a dream in the poetry of every civilised nation. Her popularity shines like a star above the suffragette; and under no other name than that which Spenser gave her do we like her more. Listen to what happened when Sir Artegall's "wicked stroke . . . her ventayle shard away" :—

"And round about [her face] her yellow heare,  
Having through stirring loosed their wonted band,  
Like to a golden border did appeare,  
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand :  
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand  
To frame such subtle wire, so shinie cleare;  
For it did glisten like the golden sand,  
The which Pactolus with his waters shere  
Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere.

"And as his hand he up againe did reare,  
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,  
His powlesse arme, benumbd with secret feare,  
From his revengfull purpose shronke abacke,  
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke  
Fell downe to ground; as if the steele had sence,  
And felt some ruth or sence his hand did lacke,  
Or both of them did thinke obedience  
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence."

When, after these statuesque stanzas, Britomart "with sharp avizell eye" beholds "the lovely face of Artegall" and feigns

"Her former angry mood,  
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood,"

she is temporarily as real and dear as any woman of modern fiction.

With the growth of order in life, with the depression of individuality under machinery of one sort and another, and with the loss of natural horizons consequent upon the multiplication of streets, such a region as Spenser's Faeryland increases in charm, though only one's fancy can visit it.

Another side of Spenser's genius is exhibited in "The Shepheards Calender." Here we have a view of the homely soil and sons of the soil. Also we have humour, and the February moralist is told by the herdsman's boy, to whom a sermon was due for "scorning Eld"—

"So longe have I listened to thy speche  
That graffed to the ground is my breche."

In this "Calender" we have remarkable metrical melodies and such an utterance as makes another's sorrow memorable by one who has no sorrow of his own :—

"The fouds do gaspe, for dried is theyr sourse,

The mantled medowes mourne,  
Theyr sondry colours tourne.  
O heavie herse!

The heavens doe melt in teares without remorse;  
O carefull verse!"

Time seems to have given the refrain of the elegy we have quoted a meaning more subtle than the poet intended. Art must ever be impenetrable by grief or any passion, and the artist delivered by art from the bane of unideal feeling is occasionally inclined to sneer at his careful *cri de cœur*. Yet one does not think that the twenty-six-year-old poet of the "Calender" was near enough to our irritable satiety and argus-eyed weariness to meditate on the double meaning of the word "carefull".

Though no less a poet than Keats worshipped Spenser's art, Spenser does not readily yield to the anthologist who is at once fastidious and greedy. Palgrave took the "Prothalamion" for his first "Golden Treasury", and it would be an anthologist of peculiar insensitiveness or censoriousness who would not be tempted to include in a general collection this tender and pathetic song for "the Brydale day, which is not long".

But the poet who yields 35,000 lines which can be read with the effect of annulling the spell of gnomeland in tubes and other underground channels needs not the successes of the jeweller and miniaturist.

#### WAGNER THE MAN.

"Wagner as Man and Artist." By Ernest Newman.  
Dent. 7s. 6d. net.

IT is fast becoming plain that the true and final biography of Wagner the man yet remains to be written. Mr. Ernest Newman makes a valiant, brilliant and successful attempt; but proceedings going on at the present moment in the German courts show that matters which only a few months ago we all regarded as correctly recorded in the various Lives are still open to dispute. The world was tired enough of the Cosima-Bülow-Wagner disputes and discussions, and glad to think that if we did not know all, at any rate we should not hear more, about it. But the Wagner-Bülow family themselves will not let the affair rest; and now legal actions of their own provoking are attracting attention. The curiosity-hunters and scandal-mongers will have a fine time of it. For our part we would gladly hear no more of the sorry business; but the biographer cannot afford to be independent: the life of a man must be an accurate life, and the biographer cannot set down as facts what are not facts. Whatever the German courts may decide, he must sift the reported evidence for himself and form his own opinions, and then rewrite at least one lengthy chapter of Wagner's history.

In the meantime it seems as though the facts of the larger part of that history had been settled definitely and once for all in Mr. Newman's book. It does not pretend to be an exhaustive biography; rather Mr. Newman assumes that we know the main incidents of Wagner's career in a general way, and he devotes himself to a laborious analysis of details. The result will come as a surprise to many, and we expect that some recent biographers—Mr. Runciman, for instance—will wish to qualify their eulogies. No artist has suffered more than Wagner from his biographers. Many of the first slandered him wilfully; some praised him indiscriminately; some gave a distorted picture of the man because care had been taken to prevent the real facts from becoming public. The Villa Wahnfried clique, indeed, as Mr. Newman demonstrates, have manipulated some letters, suppressed others, and issued "false news", to a degree that would be incredible if the proofs were not so clear. Two main principles have been acted upon consistently, the first being that *anything* was justifiable if it made for the greater glory of Wagner and Cosima, the other that anything was permissible if it tended to the vilification of Wagner's first wife Minna. These are not words to be lightly used, but the proofs brought forward by Mr. Newman are astounding, appalling, and convincing. We may say the labour involved in examining thousands of letters and hundreds of books, not to mention innumerable newspaper reports, etc., must have been terribly heavy; and it has been done with a thoroughness and care for accuracy that are remarkable.

The book, of course, falls into two main portions: the first, the longer, deals with the man; the second with the artist. In the second there was not much new to be done; but most readers will find the first nearly entirely fresh. There is one principal question to be considered in forming an estimate of Wagner's character. How did Wagner treat Minna, and what justification had he? It is not a simple question by any means. Hundreds of witnesses have to be heard, and a preliminary estimate has to be formed of the trustworthiness of each witness. In the long dispute Wagner v. Minna there has been an abundance of partisanship on both sides. The Bayreuth party would not allow that Richard could do anything wrong or Minna anything right; while Wagner's artistic, political and merely personal opponents used his behaviour with regard to her as a convenient bludgeon



with which to belabour him. Poor Minna had few real friends. Naturally she had to live most of her days in the Wagner entourage, and few of Wagner's admirers cared, whatever they may have seen, to leave any record damaging to "the Master". So we have the wilful misrepresentations emanating from Bayreuth on the one hand, and on the other a plenitude of misrepresentations coming from people who certainly were Wagner's enemies, though it is by no means so certain that they were Minna's friends. But there exists some real and trustworthy evidence, and with this Mr. Newman deals. This is the first time both parties have been judged fairly. Mr. Newman certainly did not start out with any prejudice against Wagner; and if his analysis of these endless documents leads him to take up an adverse attitude, he is never unfair. He rightly sweeps away the whole of "Mein Leben" as not to be trusted on a single point; and his proofs are overwhelming in number and convincingness. It was not a creditable performance to begin with, and the doctoring it has received at Wahnfried takes away what little value it may have ever possessed. It begins by making Wagner a liar before, so to speak, he was born. Mr. Huneker declares that the late Felix Mottl, who had seen the original privately printed version (version, not edition), said the opening sentence read: "I am the son of Ludwig Geyer". The late Anton Seidl said the same thing to the present writer; and we believe it to be true. But the remorseless limelight thrown on the contents of the book itself by Mr. Newman, and the comparisons he makes between different statements referring to the same subject, remove one's last doubts as to its worthlessness. This is important, for it is to "Mein Leben" that Wagner's defenders turn for support. The testimony of Minna's friends counts, we fear, for very little; and Hornstein we refuse to accept at all. He was an egregious young man who, when he was poor, "sponged" on Wagner, and when he became wealthy refused to help his former benefactor. Of course something had to be done to justify such conduct, and Hornstein rose to the occasion by fabricating a number of wicked and stupid stories. The main support for Minna's case is to be found in her letters and Wagner's own; and with considerable reservations we must decide against Wagner. It was a *mésalliance*. Minna was a most ordinary woman and Wagner a most extraordinary man; Minna wanted to lead a quiet bourgeois life, and Richard's genius revolted at the prospect; Minna was a jealous woman, and Richard gave her ample cause for jealousy. But, remembering what we now know of the sacrifices she had made for him, he was unnecessarily unkind.

It is not possible here to follow Mr. Newman through the long chain of evidences which he calls to support his view of Wagner the man. He was undoubtedly utterly selfish—never had in his life a thought for anyone excepting himself. On the other hand, he was born a fanatic for his art; he was born a slave to his own genius. We cannot judge him by the standards applied to other men; we can only perceive that he was unlike them, and that in some respects this is to be deplored. He slaved and endured misery and gave the world masterpieces. We can hear all that is to be said against him without feeling called on to call him a blackguard, just as we can hear what may be said for Minna without setting her up as a heroine.

Wagner the artist is admirably treated, all the operas, even the earliest, being analysed with care and sympathetic appreciation. The lists of dates, works, etc., which conclude the work are invaluable. The discussion of Wagner's art in theory, of course, utterly destroys the theories, but the artist in practice is shown to have been guided not by theories but by an infallible instinct. We hail with pleasure this book of Mr. Newman's as one of the best contributions yet made to the Wagner literature. The writing is clear and easy, and the literary touch sure. And the work is satisfactory as showing that Mr. Newman is not entirely void of fads and prejudices—without which no book is worth reading and no man worth reading about.

#### \* A MYSTIC AND A SPORTSMAN.

"Canadian Nights." By the Earl of Dunraven. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. London.

WITH ingenious, almost French, art Lord Dunraven has knitted together into a pleasing book a number of reminiscences, largely of sport and travel in Canada and Newfoundland. His title, perhaps, is modelled on "The Arabian Nights". The pretended teller of the tales, doubtless a real person, is more interesting than his stories, though these are well worth reading. "Willie Whisper", as he is called, has, may one say? a combination of some of the most distinctive qualities of Richard Jefferies and Goldwin Smith! He escaped from the very hub of English politics and fled across the Atlantic, where he found Atlantis, a blessed Canadian retreat in the heart of Nature. He was, as people say in another reference, "saved" or "converted" instantaneously, on a particular occasion, in the twinkling of an eye. A sudden mood invaded him which developed some sort of mystic intelligence between him and other living things, and left him with a philosophy of life and a religion as identical as may be with the creed of "The Story of My Heart", that immortal autobiography of Jefferies. One would like to hear more of Willie Whisper. Whether he is mostly real or mostly fictional, Lord Dunraven should return to him.

The charm of all the six chapters which compose the book largely lies in a real gift for bringing people and scenery before our eyes, without any tortured or even rhetorical description. There is a sketch of Colorado, accounts of wapiti-running on the plains, of moose-hunting both by "still" and more athletic methods, of sheep hunting in the mountains, and of caribou-hunting in Newfoundland. But even during the hunt and at the moment of the shot, the particular distinction of the story lies in this insistence on the visible picture: the appearance of the wapiti, admirably described as a red deer, only twice the size; the excitement of the gillie, whether native or Scotch; the scape of moor or hill. An incidental virtue is that the sketches represent a date some way back, for Lord Dunraven has apparently followed the Horatian rule of letting his work lie unpublished for a series of years. It is quite interesting for those who know the countries and the present conditions to note the astonishing change that a few years have brought. The account of Newfoundland dates back to the 'seventies, and in parts the description of the country is quite unrecognisable. Some of it, indeed, is inaccurate, even when we have made allowance for the passage of a generation. For example, the chapter concludes with an allusion, that would make Newfoundlanders arise, to the "foggy little island". Now Newfoundland is not foggy. It is not embraced in that area of heavy fog which lies out to sea over the southern banks. At the more pleasant times of year the climate differs from the English climate chiefly in this, that the air is singularly clear. It is a pity to popularise such an undeserved epithet. With regard to the people of this clear little island—an island, by the way, almost exactly the size of Ireland—Lord Dunraven hazards the conjecture that they are largely derived from Irish settlers. It is quite certain, both from a study of their idiom and from the records of history, that the early and later colonists came in great measure from Devonshire and the South-West of England. The old country phrases of Bideford remain unaltered, and the character of the people is deeply, almost extravagantly, English. But Ireland certainly sent later colonists, who have dressed the Devonshire idiom in a soft and very pleasing Irish brogue. Even in the 'seventies there was little need to lament the partial extinction of the caribou, which are in great quantity now, and would have seemed more numerous then if their migratory movements had been better understood of the hunter.

But these are details. One finishes the reading of the sketches with the regret expressed by Willie Whisper as he packed up: "I should like to have given you one run with the buffalo on the plains, and told you of a stalk up the Colorado mountains that brought me the finest known specimen of the mountain sheep, and showed me grizzlies feeding on heaps of locusts just under the snow line". Let us some day have the tale of these grizzlies and strangely mounted locusts, which usually shun the heights.

#### MAGIC AND WEDDINGS.

"Marriage Ceremonies in Morocco." By Edward Westermarck. Macmillan. 12s. net.

EUROPEAN wedding customs in these days are decadent. They have lost their meaning, and to recover it, in civilisation, is impossible; and the sociologist must go to the hill tribes of India, or the black men of Australia, or, as Dr. Westermarck has done, to the Berber tribesmen. The object is to discover the kind of primitive thought with which Europeans started, the first principles of our moral code. The relation of the sexes has contributed to this code the greater part of its contents, and the ideas of various peoples about marriage have occupied and divided sociologists more than anything else in their somewhat speculative science.

Dr. Westermarck is one of the most learned and able of these investigators. His "History of Human Marriage" and "The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas" are authoritative books, and the present one is the complement of the former. He has spent six years in Morocco amongst the Berbers, and he gives the result in this book of his study of their wedding ceremonies.

It is a curious question why man and woman should be so encompassed with religious ceremonies on their union for founding a family. In civilised European countries they have become greatly abridged; many people marry without them; and the State facilitates wholly civil marriages. The reason is, if we follow Dr. Frazer and Mr. Crawley in "The Mystic Rose", that the belief in magic and witchcraft is dying out as the knowledge of physical laws advances. Dr. Westermarck, twenty years ago, wrote a chapter on wedding ceremonies in his "History of Human Marriage", and he reproaches himself now for having "almost entirely failed to recognise their magical significance".

The theory is that marriage ceremonies are intended by primitive peoples to neutralise the dangers supposed to be connected with all contact between man and woman, and with the state of marriage itself, as also to make the union safe, prosperous, and happy. This is Dr. Westermarck's summary; and though in this book he does not lay down any general theory as to the origin of marriage ceremonies, he is guided largely in his account of the Berber marriage rites by this theory of magic. We may mention that Dr. Westermarck refers, quite casually, to the presence of prostitutes as dancing girls at some of the Berber weddings. Early marriages for sons are desired by good Berbers to prevent prior illicit connexions. There is also a difference amongst the Berber tribes in their views as to female chastity before marriage. Generally they appear to insist on it, though they have curious conventions and pretences, not suitable for transcription here, by which that which is not is made to appear as if it were. Perhaps the dancing girls may be in the service of the gods, as they are in India. A chapter on these irregularities, and the prophylactic means, if any, in such cases for warding off malign influences, would have been interesting. The Berbers are quite simple tribal peoples, as the ancient Israelites were, and their marriage customs offer many points of comparison. Apart from its bearing on magical marriage ceremonies this fact of prostitution at the tribal stage of society is a striking phenomenon.

The Berbers are not Arabs, even the Arabic speaking Berbers. Their ethnology is dubious and mixed. Some of them apparently have racial affinities with the Mediterranean and European peoples, and their marriage ceremonies also have many similarities; but the same remark would apply to the marriage ceremonies of other peoples quite distinct racially. Magic and witchcraft is most probably the clue to the very remarkable resemblances. For if there is one thing in which all the races of the world have agreed amidst their infinite diversity, it is in the belief and fear of magic and witchcraft. Their ceremonies on marriage, as well as for other occasions, may most probably be supposed to have their origin in this embryonic form of religion. We may start from this stage of human belief, and account for the religious sanctions under which marriage is solemnised whatever development the religion may afterwards follow.

It is not to be imagined that all the elements in Berber wedding ceremonies are to be traced to the belief in magic. Marriage is a social arrangement between families, as well as a sexual relation between man and woman. The approaches and agreements between families, according to their social position, are not essentially different in Barbary and in Europe. Mohammedan law regulates property and inheritance, and probably Islam has affected the tribal marriage customs to some indefinite degree, without altering their essential character. Araby and Barbary had sympathetic views on witchcraft and women. The elaboration of wedding ceremonies amongst the Berbers would be amazing if it were not a familiar fact of primitive life. Hindu customs seem to have most resemblance to the Berbers in elaborateness and in various details. Associated with the ceremonies is an equal elaboration of prohibited kinship, or prohibitions of marriage within the tribe, or between certain villages, or in some Berber cases of disapprobation of marriage between young people who have been thrown familiarly together. There are taboos restricting social intercourse between certain members of two families united by marriage, as between the father-in-law and the daughter-in-law. A most curious restraint is that between father and son on the subject of the son's approaching marriage, as though there were a secret modesty or shame about it. In European civilisation such rules, and such sentiments, have largely dissolved in what would appear anarchism to a Berber tribesman. And here arises the question as to the genesis of European morality. Dr. Frazer and Dr. Westermarck, and other ethnologists, are engaged in controversy thereon. Dr. Westermarck's view as to prohibitions of marriage between kindred and similar regulations is that they are founded on "an innate aversion to sexual relations between persons living very closely together from early childhood, and as they are in most cases related by blood, this feeling naturally displays itself in custom and law as a horror of intercourse between kin". If there were isolation there would be no sense of the blood bond.

It is a subtle dispute, and all that need be said here is that we imagine Dr. Westermarck finds in Berber customs support for his theory. The subject is wider than the design of the book. Essentially we are to infer from this extremely interesting description of Berber wedding ceremonies that in the thought of simple peoples procreation is an act which exposes individuals, unborn children, families, and the general community to manifold physical and psychic evils. Women are objects of profound fear. Their physiological and psychological constitution, it is believed, places them actively or passively in closer connection than men with the dreaded unseen powers. Wedding ceremonies are a ritual devised as a charm or spell. It may often be difficult to disentangle this idea, mixed as it is with others; but it goes deeper into the heart and mind of humanity than the once familiar explanation of wedding ceremonies as a dramatic rendering of primitive marriage by capture.



## A QUIET MEMORY.

"Memories of My Youth." By George Haven Putnam. Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.

THE quiet of memory—its happy stillness and ease—is upon every page of this volume. Mr. Putnam is fully justified in this public appearance as one who remembers for this generation things small and great that pleased or troubled the last. For Mr. Putnam has lived a full and stirring life, whose incidents were confidently encountered as they came, and recorded upon a memory unusually faithful and sure. There is an entire absence of embroidery or affectation about this book. It is quite unlike any of those volumes of reminiscence which yearly issue into print as a witness to the egotism and garrulity of old gentlemen. Mr. Putnam never forces himself into the centre of the picture unless he was really there. He is quietly looking back on a crowded career, seeing himself justly and clearly as part of the life he has known. We close this book with a sense of fortunate encounter with a mind which can see its own adventure steadily, without false excitement. There is no raising of the voice in Mr. Putnam's delivery of himself. He talks with equal calm and care of a tranquil holiday in England and of campaigns in his life as a soldier. Therefore this book insensibly grows on us, and comes at last to win our respect and affection. The reader who desires always the loud, emphatic note—who is impatient of leisure and of things minute—will possibly chafe to read: "I waited in an inn for twenty-four hours, and the weather prognostications being considered unfavourable, I gave up the tramp as a bad job and took a second-class ticket for London". But even the most impatient reader will surely change his mind when he finds that Mr. Putnam, under fire, has quietly recorded in his memory with exactly the same coolness and precision details which another man would underline and exclaim at. "I was amused", says Mr. Putnam, remembering the fight at Mansura, "to see the cleverness with which the mule jumped over one of these curving shot, which, if it had not been dodged, would have carried away one of his front legs". This about the mule conveys the tone of Mr. Putnam's memories as a soldier. There is a simplicity and a leisure in setting them forth which betrays a courage and veracity innocent of any sort of attitude or self-consciousness. How easily, in the fight at Mansura, Mr. Putnam, drawing rosily upon his memory, might have posed himself as a hero—Nelson with the blind eye, the dashing insubordinate! For Mr. Putnam helped to advance the colours of the 176th by misunderstanding his orders. A leisurely progress, ditch by ditch, turned into a sort of charge which disconcerted the enemy and captured two of their guns.

Mr. Putnam records this incident, with others of the war he shared, with the same phlegm and balance with which he registers his impressions of Prince Albert and the Exhibition of '51. He takes no undue credit; but just remembers things as they were. How difficult it is in a book of memories to avoid even the appearance of egotism and *snobisme* hundreds of dreary shelves in our national libraries testify. Mr. Putnam never displeases his readers in that way. He writes about himself simply and naturally. Above all, we are sure he writes about himself accurately. We trust these memories of Mr. Putnam as confidently as we would trust a formal and judicial record. Their unaffected candour and justice make of them more than a random note-book of reminiscences. The evidence of so circumstantial and honest a witness is of real historical value. The chapters of this book dealing with the Civil War, though they do not add to our formal knowledge of the war as a whole, are full of just those details concerning the feelings and experiences of a combatant which are essential to an imaginative view of the field. Mr. Putnam fairly exhausted the situations possible to an active fighter in civil war. He went through two important campaigns, including the battle of Cedar Creek; he ended as a prisoner; and he afterwards helped to keep order

while government was again set up. All these matters are here recited without stress or vainglory. They are the story of an attractive personality, tested and successful.

## NOVELS.

"The Mercy of the Lord." By Flora Annie Steel. Heinemann. 6s.

[Published this week.]

MRS. STEEL has the rare merit of writing a book only when she has something to say: thus she differs from many successful novelists. Therefore one hails a new book from her pen with pleasure and with the promise of refreshment. As a writer on India her work is in a sense a complement to that of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. With her nimble, quick-witted feminine intelligence she has, as it were, filled in the gaps that he has left, so that the reading of her books helps in a very real sense the proper understanding and appreciation of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's stories. She has absorbed the colour and perfume of the East, and she can convey it by a number of subtle and individual touches. She has the seeing eye and the understanding heart. She knows how to extract from her subjects the essential elements and how to concentrate upon them so as to exhibit them in their most telling aspects. The fatalism of the East, the wonderful attitude of the Eastern towards the mystery of life and death, the indifference to death itself—no one can convey these to us better than Mrs. Steel. Not all of the stories in this volume are her best work. Some are indifferent, but others are as good as anything she has done. "The Lake of High Hope" is among the best. The wonderful old Brahman with his warning and his belief in the ultimate good, his journey to the lake of the soul's desire, which he only accomplished in the body after death, but which he achieved in his soul by his unselfish end—all these have a mystic meaning very clear to the English doctor, who thereby is led to work out his own salvation. "The Mercy of the Lord" strikes quite another note and is reminiscent of Mrs. Steel's earlier work. One can smell the jasmine thicket and feel the darkness of night falling suddenly, hear the jangling laughter of the European women and see the lights glittering, and then comes night—heavy-scented night—and the mysterious death of Bertram—that pretty boy whose glad voice told the tale of "that boundless hope which holds ever the greatest tragedy of life". She makes us feel the strangeness of it all.

"Breadandbutterflies." By Dion Clayton Calthrop. Mills and Boon. 6s.

Mr. Calthrop's books are a capital corrective to the spirit of the age. Few writers can touch the springs of laughter and tears for us more surely than he, or give us so successful a blend of fact and fancy. He can lead us away into that world of make-believe that is for some of us who have not lost the eyes of childhood the land of heart's desire. But it is the children nowadays who are old and cynical; their parents are the real believers. Mr. Calthrop in one of his sketches makes the romantic pavement artist explain to the world-weary little boy from whose mind all illusions have been torn by a prosaic father: "Romance, my lad, is what you want—dreams, fancies, unrealities, poetry; facts are only stopping-places on the way to new ideas. . . . This 'ere slice of salmon, what is it? Is it a fact, young gentleman? Of course it ain't; it's poetry. It's the idea of a good meal . . ."

And it is in this spirit that we must and do read Mr. Calthrop's book. Perhaps our appetite flags a little, because he has been too prodigal in quantity. Fantasy is an excellent thing, but one can have too much of it. And it must be light, airy, and spontaneous. Mr. Calthrop sometimes gives the impression of having set out to be fantastic, which is only to say that he is occasionally artificial. It is not a book to be read at a sitting, but among its pieces—gay, sad, and humorous—are some to suit all moods.

**"Lismoyle." By B. M. Croker. Hutchinson. 6s.**

This is one of those pleasant, straightforward stories made according to Mrs. Croker's well-known recipe. Once the characters are introduced the reader will have no difficulty in guessing what is going to happen, but none the less he will not be inclined to skip, but will feel compelled—so pleasant a spell does Mrs. Croker weave—to follow the story to the last page. The book is set in a regular Irish happy-go-lucky atmosphere. We have the typical Irish landowner trying to make enough out of horse-dealing to pay the interest on the mortgages that encumber his estate. Then there is the stepmother who out-Irelands Ireland and steadily spends all her stepson does not make. Bryda, his sister, is a charming girl, and Rhoda Kyle, the heiress cousin who comes to live at Lismoyle Castle in the guise of a poor relation—has this idea ever been used before in fiction?—eventually marries Niel Conroy, the Conroy of Lismoyle, and repairs the family fortune by her wealth. The finding of a genuine Romney at the finish and the marrying of Niel's stepmother to a millionaire comfortably round off the story, which leaves one in a pleasant glow at the kindly ways of a benevolent Providence.

**"Broke of Covenden." By J. C. Snaith. (A New Edition.) Constable. 6s.**

To certain types of people the world is well lost for an idea. There is the artist, the religious enthusiast, a dozen such. And then there are the Brokes of Covenden, a small remnant left of an ancient army. To them pride of race is the central idea of life; this and that is impossible to them, not because it is right or wrong, but because it is against the principles of their order. And they are blind to the fact that that order is changing and has already changed. Their only remedy is death and oblivion. For them there are no half-measures. They sacrifice their kindred relentlessly on this altar and tragedy follows in their train. Mr. Snaith has republished his tragedy round this idea. "Broke of Covenden" is a fine specimen of the old family. His children are what one would expect them to be, but there are traitors within the camp. The youngest daughter defies all tradition and marries the son of a bookseller. The eldest son, the hope of the failing fortunes of the family, marries a shop-girl. A delightful character is Lord Bosket—a real sportsman—with a truly sporting turn of speech. These things are and must be, but the sense of regret in that there is a new race and a newly made rich peerage springing up and ousting the old family is heightened after reading Mr. Snaith's book. We sympathise so entirely with Mr. Broke—though we sympathise also with his much-tried wife and sorely tried (but very plain) family of daughters. There is no making the best of both worlds with these upholders of tradition. This world was made for them while they are in it, and the foremost places in the next are naturally theirs by right. Mr. Snaith carried his idea to its logical conclusion and the result is a strong, telling book.

**LATEST BOOKS.****"The Russian Opera." By Rosa Newmarch. Jenkins. 5s. net.****"A History of Russian Music." By Montagu Nathan. Reeves. 5s. net.**

One of these books will be bought in large quantities by the public; but which of the two will it be? Everyone now is talking of the Russians, and wondering eagerly about them. Lectures, even, are being given concerning the new operas we are shortly to hear at Drury Lane. Probably what we most desire just now is information—information about the lives of the "mighty five". We want a book packed full of hard stuff. This we get at its best in the second of the above volumes—Mr. Montagu Nathan's "History". Not that he has no opinions; but opinions are less the stuff of his book than they are of its rival. Both books cover the same period and ground, taking us from before Glinka up to Stravinsky and Chaliapine. But the second book, as its name implies, is more a history than the first; and the first is more a discussion than the second. These books have an even run to favour; and there is room for them both. Taken together they tell us, from different angles, all

the lay public wants to know in order to begin understanding and enjoying the Russian operas. This knowledge is at present so fragmentary and mistaken that there could be no more timely publishing adventure than to supplement and correct it. We do not know whether it is in any sense a disaster for authors and publishers that two books should compete in this way. Why should not a reading of one stimulate a purchase of the other? For the ordinary musical amateur we unhesitatingly prescribe them both. Mrs. Newmarch, of course, has the advantage of a personal intimacy with Stassov. She even remembers an evening with one of the greatest Russians. If it comes to a choice, her book must have pride of place.

**"Winchester Cathedral Close." By John Vaughan. Pitman. 5s. net.**

The Close of Winchester has the true English flavour. The long lime avenue planted at the Restoration, the comfortable-looking red-brick houses of about the same date, and the unusually high walls with their enormous gates—still shut at nine or ten every night—make a beautiful setting for the great Cathedral, now happily, after great peril, standing firm as a rock. But there is a considerable amount of much older work still to be seen in or about the houses of the Close. There is, of course, the beautiful vestibule of the historic Deanery, or Prior's Lodging, where fine fifteenth-century corbels of its Great Hall still stand out in visitors' bedrooms; the vaulted thirteenth-century undercroft, now made the dining-room of another house; and the Pilgrims' Hall, some fifty years later, half of which was taken by Warden Nicholas, the famous builder of "School" in 1687, into his prebendal residence. This is now Canon Vaughan's own house, and "his panelled apartment," says the Canon, "where I sit writing these words, is a spot of sacred memories". The prebendal house, which Ken refused to allow Charles II. to have for the use of "poor Nelly," was most unhappily destroyed only about sixty years ago; its site is in the Deanery Garden. Our Cathedral Closes have a way of inspiring good antiquaries, and most of them could find one who would as carefully as Canon Vaughan discuss the original purpose of the undercroft, or as patiently trace missing volumes of the Morley Library. But there are probably not many who would at the same time note the white and brown owls resting in the same elm, and still fewer who, on finding the stately purple toad-flax on the wall of the Close, would be able to say positively that it flowers nowhere else in Hampshire.

In short, this, though not a monumental record, is a capital book. It is well printed, adequately illustrated, mostly from photographs, and fully indexed. It has the pleasant literary discursiveness which one has learnt to expect from Canon Vaughan. The account of the Cathedral Library in particular is most interesting and valuable.

**"The Hussite Wars." By Count Lützow. Dent. 12s. 6d. net.**

John Zizka of the Chalice, the blind and heroic leader of the Hussite forces, may be fairly regarded as the Cromwell of Bohemia. The peasant army out of which he built his magnificent fighting force was in many respects the counterpart of that which turned the fortune of war at Marston Moor and Naseby. Its methods in battle are, indeed, reminiscent rather of the South African Dutch, but the definitely, even fanatically, religious spirit of the Hussites was the same that more than two centuries later animated the New Model. Compared with later continental reformers these Bohemians may appear mild and orthodox in their views, but they seem to have been bitter against the power of the clergy and their demand to receive the Communion in both kinds was a symbol of their desire for equality with their priests. Moreover, the bitter tragedy of Constance was behind them, and the perpetual racial hatred of Slav for Teuton was at least as bitter then as to-day in Prague. The early fifteenth century is a neglected period, but Count Lützow's book shows its significance in the history of middle Europe. His narrative of a courageous struggle for religious, national, and popular liberties makes enthralling reading, and he does full justice to Zizka.

**"The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon." By Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. Foulis. 6s. net.**

London is a treasure-house of Indian art, but the collections are appreciated by few of those who visit our museums. A small hand-book is urgently needed, and Dr. Coomaraswamy has turned his enthusiasm and knowledge to excellent purpose in this volume. He attempts to cover the whole field, touching on textile and metal work and the various crafts as well as on sculpture, painting, and architecture. Over two hundred illustrations explain the text, and if the British public continues to misunderstand the intention and character of Indian art, it can no longer excuse itself by the plea that the interpretation is to be found only in scarce and costly books. Dr. Coomaraswamy is inspired by a somewhat defiant zeal. His little work is much more than a catalogue, and stimulates thought in unexpected ways. He shows, for example, that the gestures of the hands, which in a Western dancer are meaningless, represent in her



Indian sister an exact language of symbolism. To discuss his views as to the extent to which India has originated or borrowed art-forms would require a long essay, but his opinions are not least interesting when most controversial.

"Thirty Years in Moukden, 1883-1913." Being the experiences and recollections of Dugald Christie, C.M.G. Edited by his wife. Constable. 8s. 6d. net.

It was in the Spring of 1883 that Mr. Christie, one of a small handful of foreigners, set up a small dispensary in the capital of Manchuria, in the midst of 200,000 suspicious and rather unfriendly people. It was some time before he got patients at all and for a long period he was regarded with deep distrust. Every foreign medical man is suspected of designs on the hearts of Chinese for the concoction of medicines and on their eyes for photographic purposes. "How can a box see to make pictures if it has not eyes inside?" is the sort of reasoning that makes it difficult for the medical missionary to get the confidence even of the fairly educated classes. The record of Dr. Christie's thirty years effort, however, is mainly one of victorious progress, though the course of his labours was violently interrupted by the Boxer madness of 1900 and by the two wars on Manchurian soil. Perhaps the most moving story in the book is the account of the devastations of the pneumonic plague in 1911. Its special characteristic was its unvarying deadliness; 43,942 cases are recorded and 43,942 deaths. There is no authenticated case of recovery. There is no more touching story of devotion than that which has raised the late Dr. Arthur Jackson almost to the level of a divinity among the Manchurians. A fine strong fellow, athletic and handsome, he threw himself with great vigour and courage into the work of fighting the plague. At last he took the deadly infection, and succumbed within 24 hours. At the memorial service the Viceroy addressed his spirit in these words: "O, Spirit of Dr. Jackson, we pray you intercede for the twenty millions of Manchuria, and ask the Lord of Heaven to take away this pestilence. . . . Noble spirit, who sacrificed your life for us, help us still, and look down in kindness upon us all." The Viceroy at once sent £900 to Dr. Jackson's mother "for the use of his family", and it was at once given to the Medical College, that a part of the building might form a memorial to her son. The Viceroy was deeply moved. "What a mother!" he exclaimed, "and what a son!" It is impossible to read this simple record without a deep sense of admiration for the patience, the devotion, and the kindness of these scientific Samaritans. Whatever may be said of other forms of missionary endeavour, their work at least must be wholly good.

"The Modern British State." By H. J. Mackinder, M.P. 1s. 6d. net.

An introduction to the study of civics—whatever civics may be. Why not the plain English word "citizenship"? Evidently one no longer need understand pedagogics to teach civics. Mr. Mackinder's little primer is interesting, and by no means technical. Most people understand something of the subject, but few everything. There is much wisdom in the avoidance of politics and propaganda, and a wise insistence that what concerns our daily life is every whit as important as the principles underlying executive government. It is just as important to understand the working of a Trade Union as the general management of the railway one travels on; to realise that by-laws frequently irk us more than Acts of Parliament, and thoroughly to appreciate the fact, especially if we are what other people call faddists, that the smooth working of an Act of Parliament depends on a general acquiescence in its justice, rather than what we think is good for our neighbours. In nineteen chapters Mr. Mackinder discusses everything that happens—from growing oats and catching fish to Imperial Unity. He does it so clearly and so interestingly that every school and training college should put the book into general use.

"A Chance Medley." By "Junior Devil." Constable. 3s. 6d. net.

This is mainly the re-issue of a collection of material contributed over many years to a London evening paper. The various items are grouped together under subject heads, and the classified jokes though probably of very ancient flavour in the Temple will pass with the layman. In "legal and constitutional points" the author has fallen into the lawyer's common error of omission—some of his "points" are over-ruled and others have fallen into desuetude. It is always dangerous for a lawyer to paraphrase his learning with a view to making it understood by the people, but of course no one ever takes a junior devil seriously, least of all when his jokes are carefully indexed.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

### ART.

Ancient and Mediæval Art: a Short History (Margaret H. Bulley). Methuen. 5s. net.

### BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, K.B. (Edward Salmon). Pitman. 6s. net.

Letters of Edward Dowden and His Correspondents. Dent. 7s. 6d. net.

### FICTION.

Quella (Geoffrey Norton Farmer). Alston Rivers. 6s.  
Sunrise Valley (Marion Hill). Long. 6s.  
Grizel Married (Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey). Mills and Boon. 6s.  
The Mercy of the Lord (Flora Annie Steel). Heinemann. 6s.  
Maria (Baroness von Hutten). Hutchinson. 6s.  
Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels (Mrs. Charles Bryce). Lane. 6s.  
Rebellion (Joseph Medill Patterson). Holden and Hardingham. 6s.  
Queer Stories from "Truth". "Truth" Office. 1s.  
A Gamble for Love (Nat Gould). Long. 6s.  
Sword and Cross (Silas K. Hocking); The Hour of Conflict (A. Hamilton Gibbs). Stanley Paul. 6s. each.  
Simon Heriot (Patricia Wentworth). Melrose. 6s.  
The Step-sister (Maude Leeson). Blackie. 6s.  
From an Islington Window (M. Betham-Edwards). Smith, Elder. 6s.

### HISTORY.

An Introduction to the Study of the French Revolution (J. A. Fallows). Simpkin. 1s. 6d. net.  
The Financing of the Hundred Years' War, 1337-1360 (Schuyler B. Terry). Constable. 6s. net.  
Chronicles of Erthig on the Dyke (Albinia Lucy Cust). Lane. 2 Vols. 25s. net.  
China's Dayspring after Thirty Years (Frederick Brown). Murray and Evenden. 10s. 6d. net.  
The Place of the Reign of Edward II. in English History (T. F. Tout). Sherratt and Hughes. 10s. 6d. net.  
Chronicles of Three Free Cities: Hamburg, Bremen, Lübeck (Wilson King). Dent. 10s. 6d. net.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

Marvels of Insect Life (Edited by Edward Step). Part I. Hutchinson. 7d. net.  
Some Folk-Lore and Legends of Birds: Written Mainly for Children (Canon J. W. Horsley). S.P.C.K. 6d. net.

### REPRINTS.

The Tariff History of the United States (F. W. Taussig). Putnam. 6s. net.  
The Federalist: A Commentary on the Constitution of the United States (Alexander Hamilton). Edited by Henry Cabot Lodge. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.  
Woman and Labour (Olive Schreiner). Fisher Unwin. 2s. net.  
Queer Patients (M. Oston). Murray and Evenden. 2s. net.  
Lectures on the Relations Between Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century (A. V. Dicey). Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.

### SCHOOL BOOKS.

Practical Applied Physics (H. Stanley). Methuen. 3s.  
A Short History of Ireland (Constantia Maxwell). Dublin: Educational Company of Ireland. 1s. net.

### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Psycho-pathology of Everyday Life (Professor Dr. Sigmund Freud). Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

### THEOLOGY.

Restatement and Reunion: A Study in First Principles (Burnett Hillman Streeter). Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.  
The Bishop of Oxford's Open Letter: An Open Letter in Reply (H. M. Gwatkin). Longmans. 3d. net.

### TRAVEL.

The Women of Egypt (Elizabeth Cooper). Hurst and Blackett. 6s. net.  
Travel and Politics in Armenia (Noel Buxton, M.P., and the Rev. Harold Buxton). Smith, Elder. 5s. net.

### VERSE AND DRAMA.

For Better, For Worse, and other Poems (By the Author of "Dove Sono", etc.). Reeves. 2s. net.  
Earth with Her Bars and other Poems (Edith Dart). Longmans. 1s. net.  
Neigo D'Antan (Evan Mor). Jones and Evans. 2s. 6d. net.  
Jephthah's Daughter (Anna Bunston). Erskine Macdonald.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Amulets, Illustrated by the Collection in University College, London (W. M. Flinders Petrie). Constable. 21s. net.  
Caravan Days (Bertram Smith). Nisbet. 5s. net.  
Case for Voluntary Service, The: The Handbook of the Voluntary Service Committee. King. 1s. net.  
Friends Round the Wrekin (Lady C. Milnes Gaskell). 9s. net; Poverty and Waste (Hartley Withers). 3s. 6d. net. Smith, Elder.  
Impressions of British Life and Character (The Chief of Ichalkaranji). Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.  
Language of the Nawar or Zutt, The, the Nomad Smiths of Palestine (R. A. Stewart Macalister). Quaritch. 5s. net.  
New Map of the Balkan Peninsula. Bacon. 5s.  
New Patriotism, The: A Study in Social Obligations (C. Ernest Fayle). The Garton Foundation. 1s. net.  
Sexual Ethics: A Study of Borderland Questions (Robert Michels). Walter Scott Publishing Co. 6s. net.  
Social Disease, The, and How to Fight It: A Rejoinder (Louise Creighton). Longmans. 1s. net.  
Socialism Exposed (By the Statistical Committee). The Anti-Socialist Union of Great Britain. 1s. 6d. net.  
Struggle for Scutari, The (M. Edith Durham). Arnold. 14s. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR MAY.—The Hindustan Review, 10 annas; The Theosophical Path, 1s.; Journal of the Royal Statistical Society, 2s. 6d.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.—The Chinese Review, 1s. net; The Fortnightly Review, 2s. 6d.; The Cornhill Magazine, 1s. net; The Antiquary, 6d.; The National Review, 2s. 6d. net; Scribner's Magazine, 1s. net; The Nineteenth Century and After, 2s. 6d.; The British Review, 1s. net.

## FINANCE.

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General Settlement June 11.

Consols Settlement June 2.

SETTLEMENT failures are the nightmare of the Stock Exchange. With the knowledge that some members have extensive and weak accounts upon their books, which have to be dissipated in some form or other, the House naturally regards an approaching pay-day as a fearsome thing.

The past two Stock Exchange accounts have been associated with crumbling positions—positions which have been more or less successfully bolstered into the following account, but which carry a good deal of anxiety with them; and the relief of the House was freely expressed when Thursday passed without the jarring note of the waiter's hammer.

Prospects of an early revival of activity are still entertained by a section of the House, and the fact that the weak accounts have been taken over by several groups of prominent members is entirely in support of that view.

Apart from the technical position of the markets, such as the existence of an extensive "bull" or "bear" position, which must necessarily be the primary influence upon the course of stocks and shares, the outstanding factor upon which dealers are basing their views is the condition of the Money market.

With heavy Stock Exchange demands for settlement loans, and a persistent inquiry on the part of Continental houses for bar gold, money rates have been higher; but the Bank of England is nevertheless gaining coin, and it is to this important point that the attention of the prominent investment firms in the House is being directed.

New loan flotations have remained on a restricted scale, owing partly to the approaching vacation, and controlled also to some extent by the great pressure for short loans in the Money market.

Several large issues are in the course of arrangement, however, and will in all probability be offered for public subscription next week. One of the most interesting will be a Gold Coast issue of £1,000,000 in Four per Cents., which will be offered at the price of £98 10s.

It is naturally the desire of promoters to bring out new issues when public interest has been encouraged into financial channels, and there certainly seems to be a probability of greater keenness in the House after the holidays, particularly now that the settlement has been successfully disposed of.

Returning confidence in the general financial position was exemplified on Wednesday by the response to the offer of £500,000 Five per Cent. Debentures by Dorman, Long and Co.; and it is understood that the Vancouver Sewerage Loan of £500,000 Four and a-Half per Cent. stock met with a much better fate than several previous issues which were made under Canadian authority.

Very few dealers inside the House would dispute the opinion that Oil shares will be the next issues to command something in the nature of booming attention; but at the moment there appears to be little room for the successful flotation of new ventures, and according to reports the new offer of £100,000 shares at par by the Petroleum Securities and General Trust Co. did not meet with good response.

The favourable outlook regarding the Bank and the gold movement has not been without its influence upon gilt-edged securities, which have made quite a sensible recovery during the week. As an illustration of the

effect of money influences upon existing funds, it may be noted that Consols have only fallen a  $\frac{1}{4}$  during the month, whilst Transvaal Threes are actually  $\frac{1}{2}$  higher.

Many of the leading Home Railway lines continue to exhibit good traffic returns, which in the ordinary course would mean "bull" capital, but there is an obvious nervousness in this department concerning the future movements of the labour leaders, and although the technical position, such as the scarcity of stock, may account for an occasional appreciation, the market generally appears to offer little attraction to speculators on the "bull" tack at present. Brighton "A", which "made up" at 84 $\frac{1}{2}$ , has now risen to 85 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; North-Western has risen to 129 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and Great Western has been one of the best markets at 114 $\frac{1}{2}$ , which is a point above the "making up" level.

Calgary, with its recent discovery of oil, provided an important factor for the Canadian Pacific market. Dealers overhauled the reports concerning the discovery, shedding a good many of the more sugary anticipations, and accepting the remaining statements with some reservation, but nobody disputes the importance of the point to the Canadian Pacific line, and after extensive speculative operations in the stock the quotation advanced to over 200, allowing for the dividend deduction of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  dollars. They dropped heavily to 198 $\frac{1}{2}$  yesterday, however, on the news of the disastrous collision between the "Empress of Ireland" and another steamer on the St. Lawrence.

Grand Trunk Railway issues figured largely upon the books of the firm whose successful negotiations of the settlement was open to doubt; but when the bulk of the weak stock passed into several sound channels dealers did not hesitate to lift quotations, Ordinary advancing to 18 $\frac{1}{2}$  and the Third Preference to 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

American issues have maintained a more or less steady position upon the news that the Niagara Conference is making favourable progress, but Readings are likely to experience a smart fall if the United States Government contention is upheld. This contention is that the Reading Company and the Reading Coal and Iron Co. shall be adjudged an unlawful combination.

Although there is practically no public confidence in Mexican Railway securities, a certain amount of professional speculation follows any communication upon the political position, and the Ordinary stock has advanced to 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ , the Second Preference to 65 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and the First Preference to 104 $\frac{1}{2}$ , these prices being 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  points above the making-up level.

According to the various reports which continue to circle among the Foreign markets, Brazilian finance now seems well on the way to accomplish its much-talked-of improvements. At any rate, the further jump in the Brazilian exchange and the advance to 27 in Brazilian Common stock certainly give colour to the reports.

Reports from the Argentine clearly indicate that the recent rumours relating to the damage to the crops have been exaggerated. Estimates of the leading railway companies have reduced the damage figure to about 7 per cent., in which case a record return may still be anticipated. Buenos Ayres Pacific has advanced to 68; Buenos Ayres Great Southern to 111 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Brazilian Bonds have received attention from both Paris and London on the finance influence, and the 1913 Five Per Cent.'s have advanced to 85 $\frac{1}{2}$ , whilst the 1911 issue is 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  points above the "making up" at 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

The French bank failure has not affected the great French banking houses, and Mining shares have been allowed to rest at a steady level.

An advance of Mexico Trams to 72, and Brazilian Traction to 80 $\frac{1}{2}$  have been the features of the Industrial market.

Oil issues continue to look "bullish", but dealings are cramped at the moment, and Rubber shares are likely to remain idle.



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## INSURANCE.

## THE SUN LIFE OF CANADA.

IN a country where the reports made by directors of ordinary life offices are marked by studied conciseness, self-laudatory sentences, such as are associated with the managements of second-class industrial concerns, seem sadly out of place. Shortened, the report sent out by the London office of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada would probably answer its purpose as well, and it would certainly prove more attractive reading. Style, however, is merely a matter of taste, and there is no compulsion to read remarks that are not liked. With regard to the work of the company during the past year, nothing but what is pleasant can, however, be said. In all directions great progress was made, and at the end of the period the condition of the business had undoubtedly improved, notwithstanding the adverse effects produced by the shrinkage of market values, which in 1913 extended to the Western hemisphere.

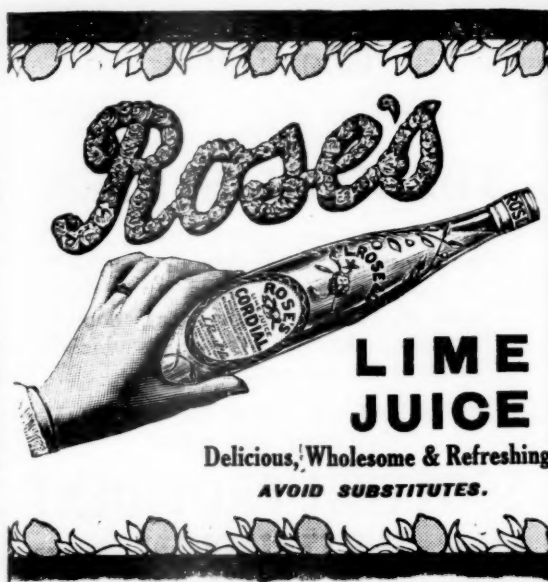
In some cases, indeed, the increases reported were of an even more sensational character than in either of the two preceding years, and as a result of the twelve months' operations the amount of the life assurance and annuity fund was increased from £9,865,739 to £11,211,938, or by £1,346,199; the renewal premium income from £1,286,887 to £1,406,446; and the new premiums received from £310,396 to £339,256; the net revenue from interest, dividends and rents from £532,463 to £651,963; and the sums paid to the company by purchasers of annuities from £412,751 to £515,562. This last amount, all but £24,692 of which was raised in the United Kingdom, is the largest so far recorded in connection with the sale of annuity bonds, and proves that the methods adopted by the management here have been attended with remarkable success. Owing to the rise in the rate of interest earned by the company, annuities began to be made a feature of the business in 1908, in which year a total sum of £85,291 was received. Two years later the receipts from this source had increased to £287,712; while in 1911 they were £276,834, or somewhat less.

The cause of the great advance secured in the last two years can at once be seen; circumstances have favoured the propaganda of the company to an extent that only a few years ago would have appeared to have been impossible. As a result of Socialistic legislation, confidence in the security afforded by our best home stocks and house property has been completely shattered, and thousands of persons have been only too willing to re-invest their capital in bonds affording them a certain income for the remainder of their lives. In the second place the Sun Life of Canada has so far benefited to an exceptional extent from prosperity in the Dominion. In 1906 the funds were invested to yield 5·36 per cent., and in the two following years a rate of about 5½ per cent. was realised. Since then the average return has further steadily risen, and was equivalent to £6 os. 5d. per cent. on the mean invested funds in 1912 and to £6 10s. 2d. per cent. last year.

In this respect the company has held—possibly only temporarily—a manifest advantage over other offices appealing to purchasers of annuities, and the management have not only seen their way to spend money more freely in making the appeal, but they have also been able to offer special inducements in the form of low rates and most attractive policies.

So long as such high rates, or anything like them, can be earned on the aggregate of the funds, this Canadian office seems bound to hold the lead in this particular department, and it is not improbable that before long it may become an active competitor for life assurance business as well, although its success in this field has been much less striking, the premium income of the United Kingdom branch being still comparatively small. Heavy expenditure, necessitated by the rapid expansion of the business, has so far prevented the company from declaring attractive bonuses, but there is apparently no reason why really handsome ones should not presently be paid. Most of the

(Continued on page 716.)



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## ELDER, DEMPSTER.

THE ordinary general meeting of Elder, Dempster and Co., Ltd., was held on Wednesday, Sir Owen Philipps, K.C.M.G., presiding.

The Chairman said: In rising to move the adoption of the report and accounts for the year ended December 31st, 1913, I have pleasure in congratulating the shareholders that this great business, which now derives its income from almost every quarter of the globe, has experienced another satisfactory year's trading. The total issued share and debenture capital now amounts to £4,135,000, of which 250,000 preference shares were issued in February last, and were very largely oversubscribed. The most interesting events which have a direct bearing on the West African Branch of the company's business have been: Firstly, the successful carrying out of the harbour works at Lagos, enabling all the company's express mail steamers to cross the Lagos Bar for the first time, and to discharge their cargoes alongside the Customs Wharf. The full benefit of this facility, however, will not be felt until the wharf accommodation inside the harbour has been very considerably improved and extended. Secondly, the discovery of a deep-water port in the Bonny Estuary, which has been appropriately called "Port Harcourt," and which is to be the terminus of the new Eastern Nigeria Railway. This line will open up a large palm oil territory and develop the other resources of the country: As the result of the express steamers entering Lagos, we have entirely reorganised the West African services, and the new time table, which came into operation at the beginning of April, will, it is hoped, increase the trading facilities by giving the important railway ports a faster and more frequent service. The new express steamers which we have placed on the West African service are greatly in advance of any steamers that have previously been employed in this trade, and were therefore, owing to their cost, a somewhat risky experiment, but I am glad to say they are justifying the policy adopted by the Board. During the year we considerably increased our holding in the Bank of British West Africa. You will be interested to hear that our Glen Line service from London to the Far East, which is run in conjunction with the Shire Line of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, has been making steady progress, and the fleet of this old-established business is gradually being renewed with modern steamers of a large carrying capacity. Our service from Canada to the Cape, the contract for which was recently renewed, has greatly assisted in the development of trade between the important British Dominions of Canada and South Africa. This service, in its earlier career, was carried on at a considerable loss, but it is now, with the assistance of the Canadian Government, on a sound commercial basis, and I, for one, would be very pleased if it were possible to combine with it a return service from South Africa to Canada; but this, at the present time, is not commercially possible unless the Government of the Union of South Africa can see its way to render a similar assistance to that now rendered by Canada. As you are aware, we are interested in a number of steamers engaged in miscellaneous employments in all parts of the world, and I am pleased to say that during the past year, owing to the open market rates being on a very much higher level, and the vessels not being employed as regular liners, they were able to reap the full benefit of the so-called boom, the results obtained being again highly satisfactory. The interests of this great business are now so geographically distributed that it is not so liable as most shipping businesses to violent fluctuations, and the Board look forward to the future with confidence. We have this year added £75,000 to the reserve fund, bringing it up to the £250,000 mentioned in the articles of association of the company when it was incorporated, and our total reserves amount to £800,000. We have again recommended that a sum of £10,000 be transferred to the superannuation and benevolent fund, which will make a total invested fund of £62,000. You will remember that when we established this fund Mr. Harrison Williams, as executor of the late Sir Alfred L. Jones, transferred to it a sum of £40,000 in order to place the fund on a sound financial basis from its commencement. Lord Pirrie seconded the adoption of the report, and a dividend of 5 per cent., making 8 per cent. for the year, was declared.

## COLOMBIAN MINING & EXPLORATION.

THE ordinary general meeting of the Colombian Mining and Exploration Company, Ltd., was held on Wednesday, Mr. Shirley H. Jenks, the Chairman, presiding.

The Chairman said: The company own the mines and the mining rights under a lease of 40 years, dating from May, 1905, of the Colombian Government in the Province of Marmato, extending over an area of approximately 576,000 acres. Part of it, comprising a portion of the most important known mines, is the absolute freehold of the company. Upon this huge area there are known to exist several groups of mines besides those which have been developed by the present company, and, in addition, there are alluvial properties which, in the opinion of those who have examined and prospected them, are thought to be of far greater value than the mines now being worked. Recent developments show the northern side to be much the richer. By the mail which arrived yesterday the company received a report from the manager, which has been printed and is on the table for the information of shareholders, which obviates my making any lengthy reference to the position at the mines. From what I have said and from the manager's report I think the shareholders will gather that the mines at present developed or being developed, disregarding altogether the remainder of the company's property, are a valuable asset, and capable of paying large dividends upon the capital of the company. I think the shareholders clearly understand that, until the new plant is erected and working, no

large surplus is anticipated. With reference to the financial position of the company, last year it was decided to make an issue of debentures, and £35,000 were offered in November of last year to the shareholders, who subscribed for £800. As further money was essential for the company, I arranged, by giving my guarantees secured upon certain of my own securities, together with debentures of the company, to provide sufficient funds to enable the company to reach its present stage, when it is no longer a difficult matter to find people willing to take an interest in the company. A sum of £20,000 would now clear the company from all its liabilities, and to arrive at a dividend-paying stage at an earlier date than would otherwise be possible a further sum of £20,000 to £30,000 could be usefully employed in more speedily completing the erection of the plant, but this sum is not essential. My action with regard to the issue of these debentures has been criticised, but I fancy that in the responsible quarters such criticism has only been made because the situation was not fully understood. In order to make the issue of debentures attractive I voluntarily agreed to give an option upon shares owned by me at the rate of two shares for every £100 debenture subscribed, and that as a consideration I should receive £10,000 debentures from the company, which were to be returned by me as and when the options expired, if they were not exercised. When the result of the offer to the shareholders of these debentures was known, and as only £800 were subscribed, I did not think, and I still do not think, that I was justified in depositing or called upon to deposit 70,000 shares, which, at that date, were practically worthless in the market, and receive in exchange £10,000 debentures in the company for so doing. I therefore did not make this deposit or receive those debentures. The debentures in excess of these £800 are held as collateral security, and before they can become the property of those who at present hold them, or before they can be sold, the holders must firstly take the usual proceedings against the company to enforce their claims, which course would result in the shares being rendered valueless.

Mr. Lovegrove seconded the resolution.

The Chairman, in reply to questions, said the balance-sheet was only up to March 31st, 1913, but next time he hoped to have it much earlier. The calls had all been paid, except £7,129. He had made many payments on behalf of the company, and had arranged to have these referred to an entirely independent person for settlement.

The resolution was carried.

After a long discussion, Mr. E. Stanton was elected a director in place of Mr. J. C. Duncan, and the other directors were re-elected.

## CHANNEL TUNNEL.

THE ordinary general meeting of the Channel Tunnel Company, Ltd., was held on Monday, Baron Emile Beaumont d'Eranger, the Chairman, presiding.

The Chairman said: I am glad to be able to record the enormous progress which has been made, especially within the last year, in public opinion, as far as the Channel Tunnel is concerned. This movement has been absolutely spontaneous, and has not been initiated in any way by those interested in the Channel Tunnel, although, of course, individual directors or our eminent engineers have been only too pleased to give such information as they possessed to assist the friends of this important project by speaking at meetings and explaining the different aspects of the scheme, its merits and difficulties, and the way in which those difficulties should be overcome. I am astonished to see in some quarters a certain amount of resistance still shown to the Channel Tunnel, but I am glad to say that opposition, especially from a military point of view, is gradually diminishing; there are very few opposers of the Tunnel now on military grounds. But we have heard a great deal more in the last few years about the commercial aspect of the enterprise, and we have seen our estimates and hopes as to its future either put in doubt or belittled by our opponents. What has happened to the Channel Tunnel scheme has happened to every great enterprise which has been undertaken in England. If you will allow me I will read you a short passage from a discussion which occurred in the House of Commons on May 31, 1836, when Lord Mahon spoke in opposition to the first Bill for the South Eastern Railway. Lord Mahon said: "I oppose the Bill because I do not think a railroad from London to Dover at all necessary." And he added, in conclusion: "First, then, I have demonstrated that this measure can be of little or no advantage in the conveyance of goods as compared with the present mode, and I have also shown that for the conveyance of passengers its benefits will be confined to a time of peace; that the line chosen is not the best and most economical; and the conclusion I draw from these considerations is that it is not a speculation in which £1,500,000 ought to be allowed to be embarked. I contend that it is the duty of the House to protect the people from reckless and headlong speculations, which may involve those engaged in them in ruin." Now, gentlemen, I beg to call your attention to the fact that the people who were recklessly to embark £1,500,000 have to-day embarked £32,784,000 in the South Eastern and about £29,000,000 in the Chatham and Dover Railway, and that the total income paid on those securities exceeds £2,100,000. The arguments which in the year 1836 were brought to bear against the South Eastern Railway were exactly the same arguments which are brought to bear against the commercial possibilities of the Channel Tunnel Company; they do not stand on any stronger grounds. I consider that the prospects in store for the Channel Tunnel, if it is constructed, will not only not disappoint those who put their money into it, but that the results obtained for them will exceed the highest expectations of the promoters or the shareholders.

The adoption of the accounts was seconded by Mr. George Howard and carried.

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